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April 15, 2002 \$4.50

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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DEATH OF A FAMILY



MONTREAL'S JOHN BAUER
WAS A LOVING FATHER AND
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.
THEN, LAST SEPTEMBER,
HE KILLED HIS WIFE, THREE SONS,
FATHER-IN-LAW, BOSS—AND HIMSELF.
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Maclean's

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From the Editor

Daylight shines upon the throne

My sole meeting with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II took place far from either the United Kingdom or Canada. During a 1991 Commonwealth conference in Harare, Zimbabwe, a sampling of reporters was invited, as is the custom, to a reception hosted by the Queen. Before the soiree began, we lined dutifully to a protocol lecture from a Canadian government representative ("don't try to shake hands, and you can call her陛下的陛下 after four minutes") and then were ushered into a room where we stood, like so many supplicants, awaiting our turn. When mine came, we chatted about the weather in Ottawa compared to Harare—or rather, she did, and I nodded. Minutes later, I overheard her delivering similar observations about Australia during a Melbourne journalist

No matter what your feelings about the monarchy, you surely can find some sympathy for the Queen as an aging woman who spent much of her life in royal events talking to strangers about topics that are deliberately innocuous. She does it with style and dignity and, by all accounts, remains motivated by the same sense of noblesse oblige that has characterized her life. None of that stops speculation about the future of the monarchy here, and in the United Kingdom, that has resurfaced since the death of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on March 30. Still, no one thinks it will disappear; her worthy Elizabeth II agent at enduring an restoration is the throne itself—perhaps more so, since most criticism of the monarchy is directed at its existence, not its occupant.

The best argument in favour of Canada becoming a republic is, of course, that it would have a sovereign from another country. A good reason for maintaining the monarchy is, as former governor general

Ray Harpham pointed out (page 16), that's unclear what would come in its stead, and whether other alternatives would be any better. Many countries have a constitutional head, such as a king or president, separate from the leader who holds real power. An exception is America, where the president is treated as almost a royal figure, and is still addressed by this title long after leaving office. The great British 19th-century social scientist Walter Bagehot observed favorably of the monarchy that "we must let in daylight upon magic"—meaning it functions best when people know at least as about the occupant as possible. It may be too late for that now, but fascination with the monarchy remains high—in republican America, at least.

Most of the passion in the monarchy debate belongs to its opponents. In my family, criticism of the monarchy was one of the few topics that could make my late, Montreal-born father a grumpy and combative man, irritable and argumentative. But my British-born, was-bride mother, whose sister in England is a devout Methodist, is indifferent to the issue.

Even some Quebec sovereigntists find the presence of a British monarch convenient, because it enhances their portrayal of the rest of Canada as a WASPish, alien entity. In Ottawa, no change will happen as long as John Chidley is in charge. When — or if—he leaves, the only one of his likely heirs who publicly favours severing royal ties is John Mulroney. The irony is that in the U.K., people often say that the monarchy does, it will be due to oddifice once and irrelevance. In Canada, those are among the qualities that pending n-

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Spiritual dynamics

Great cover story on "Living the faith" (April 1). As the most recent Colloq poll and Reginald Bibby's book *America Godless* ("Returning to religion") show, religion plays a major role in Canada. Because we so often ban it from public discussion does not mean that faith is unimportant to our people. I congratulate you on the positive perspective of your article and the diversity of people you feature.

I pastor a church with a diverse group of 1,000 people worshipping each week. I am impressed that most of these folks live out their faith daily in very practical ways. They are true believers and it shows.



K. S. LUBINSON, Belmont, Ont.

I was inspired by the uplifting article and especially pleased to see some evangelical Christians presented as positive contributors to Canadian society and the world. This is a timely article for us all.

ROB FREDRICKS, Vancouver, B.C.

Congratulations for your balanced article on faith. I believe that no one lives without faith, even atheists. After all, what could require more faith than to believe that the cosmos appeared in nothing by some sort of spontaneous generation?

BRIAN REEDER, Coquitlam, B.C.

You have neglected an important and growing group of people whose "faith" is in humanism.

BERNARD WILHELM, Guelph, Ont.

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Lost opportunity

The nine suggestions about Canadians who put their beliefs into action proved quite inspiring. One puzzling element, however, suggests the story is not complete: the faith of these nine varies so widely, it is remarkable to say they worship the same God(s) defining god(s). Obviously something else is there, in the human spirit, motivates their actions.

We might get a better understanding of the true dynamics of such diversity in the human psyche as a story about people professing no religious belief, who are equally engaged in service to those less fortunate.

K. S. LUBINSON, Belmont, Ont.

It was inspired by the uplifting article and especially pleased to see some evangelical Christians presented as positive contributors to Canadian society and the world. This is a timely article for us all.

ROB FREDRICKS, Vancouver, B.C.

A tale of bravery

Your tribute to Men's Person ("Rising for life freedom," Friday April 1) was a touching tale of human and determination. I am a historian with five years of military service and every day I hear yet another tale of Canadian bravery. Your story was another fine example of Canadians who stand on guard for thee.

Robert McLean, White Ost.

I am a 36-year-old woman almost the same age as Men's Person when she became a member of the Bassinotes. On



Prostate promise
Industry Minister Allan Rock's story clearly shows the value of regular PSA testing for prostate cancer ("In praise of testing," Monday, April 1). Of the 17,000 men diagnosed with the disease each year in Canada, most cases are usually picked up by this test. However, the diagnosis is only made by examination of prostate biopsies under the microscope. Unfortunately, in Rock found out, a normal ultrasound only gives a false sense of security and,

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The Mail

...says one or two million angry Canadians could send if they really wanted to.
John Butt, Toronto, B.C.

Give peace a chance

No country in the world could live with what Israel is going through without resorting with all its power to destroy the assumption that every day send suicide bombers to kill their civilians ("Middle East bombings," The Week That Was, April 2). Israel understands that both peoples have rights to the disputed lands, and it always had the will to negotiate. The Palestinians want it all back and through violence. Some Palestinian terrorist organizations do not even recognize Israel's right to exist. All the forces in the world have the moral obligation to cut ties with the Palestinian authorities until the terrorism that they sponsor is really eliminated. Israel has retaliated many times, but nothing is enough for the killing to stop. World governments can make a difference to give peace a chance.

Editorial Periodicals, Vancouver

George Bush doesn't seem to get it. The streams are 18-year-old girls whose families have lived under Israeli terrorism for three generations. Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has no intention of granting Palestinian homeland. He gives peace lip-service while at the same time removing the father of the creeping evil of Jewish settlements. The Israeli nation has lost all my respect and it serves, by the UN's measure, the respect of the rest of the world also. I'm disillusioned at the lack of U.S. leadership. Give the Palestinian people what the Israeli people demanded—a nation they can call their own. That is the solution. It requires U.S. leadership to make it happen.

Sweeping aside personal opinion, I found myself captured by the viewpoint of expatriate Canadians now living in Canada as in "Votes from the diaspora" and in the *World*, March 29. Right or wrong, the beliefs of these individuals are based upon their courage and conviction to attain to honest and efficient government. It is refreshing to know that there are Canadians of various ethnic backgrounds with sound principles willing to defend the security of Canada and upholding the principles of democracy.



Violations of Humanitarian Law in Israel

out themselves to actually living out their
dreams in dangerous environs.

Hidden drama

chuckled our lead on my bus ride to work today thanks to Joe Chidley's column on the dramatic possibilities of accountancy ("Accountants gone bad," The Black Page, April 1). I have been married to her for 28 years and now feel hopeful that we may take on one of Chidley's exciting personalities. Know any good agents?

Lu Wen Shanyan, Ottawa

ature and technology

cas sympathy with people like RJ Stark for wholeheartedly embracing modern technology and specifically modern medical technology ("Just a curmudgeon," *Caves*, March 25). After all, without it he probably would not be living at any more. However, I think that medical science, and for that matter all life sciences, are headed in a wrong direction, namely towards the elimination of nature from our lives. Any illness, be it a minor ache or an epidemic of cancer, is nature's way of telling us we are doing something wrong. We should be doing research to try to find out what we are doing wrong. Instead, we basically tell nature to shut up by cloaking her into submission with anything, even pain killers to so-called wonder drugs. Meanwhile, the cost of organ transplants and ultimately of replacing tissue with artificial parts is stressing our resources and bankrupting our medical system.

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Overture

Edited by Shanda Deziel with Amy Carnegie

Over and Under Achievers

Loonie tuning

→ **Lorraine Dolan**: Doctor who, after leaving April's *Park*, whoopie-hoed **Paul Martin** to brand cures and cads. Perhaps Dolan's been really fed to average IQ of currency brokers?

→ **Paul Martin**: Finance minister holds dollar's fate in hands. May not be owing to the dumb fact analysis is gone—he's just standing in his field.

→ **Sandra Cisneros**: Modern survival skills now include "investing" merit badge for study of stock market. Now up, strong, sensitive with inspiring prose and Neroli scented candles.

→ **Jess Cheifetz**: Dithers because deciding to break away from African roots for humor of **Quince Man**. What gives? A 10-day stayover abroad isn't enough retort?

→ **Colin Dill**: Inked long-term performance pact with Las Vegas hotel. Canadian made of follicles doesn't assimilate for software lumberjack.

→ **Michael J. Fox**: Penitentiary cult actor shows how wise in battle against Parkinson's. Stays penance-dense, writes tell-all book, gives proceeds to his disease-fighting foundation.



David May, an average civil servant, braves the cold to get in touch with his inner water raider.

Leave it to Beaverman

The tall, slim, gray-haired Scotman seems average enough. A letter of two teenagers with a copy job in the communications department of the Alberta government, **David May** sounds completely unimpressive. "I have a perfectly normal suburban life," says May, "with my wife, a host of dogs, beneath the benign surface, May is obsessed—with beavers. He's subject of a new National Film Board project, **Beaverman**. May sets off on a journey of discovery—he wants to better understand the local ecosystem with Canadian naturalist and, perhaps, even find a focus for the never-to-be-respected-for-the-past-30-years "People, when they learn about the beaver get hooked." Marginally obsessed, even "taught May a former reporter who has written two non-fiction books, gives presents to his disease-fighting foundation. "I'm beyond meagre now back on the straight road."

For the film (there is a public screening in Edmonton on April 25) May visits the Temple to Beaver and Perley in Hitler, cooler is Latin for beavers, and though the temple was built in—indeed to the mythological terms, May liked the idea of pursuing any potential beaver link. These jagged with his native guide on the subject of "beaver religion," he returns to Beestown where the beaver is being reintroduced to the wild and he learns a native beaver call to lure the animals from the dam. He reads voraciously, mispronounces and beaverizes tropes. Finally, in an effort to communicate with the beaver spirit, May embarks on a vision quest and disappears in a cold Alberta lake for about five hours, heads led to two wooden stakes for support. As the end, May knows that he is now ready to write his beaver tome. "The playfulness of the animal," he says, "you rub your off on me."

Amy Gassman

Sex, drugs and food 'n' guns

While silent in the States, Toronto's edgy restaurant, goes New York chef and author **Anthony Bourdain** is approached by the restaurant's owner. "I had to say hel to" says **Buddy Brinkmann**. "We got a load of calories in here, but we don't get many!" Brinkmann laughs off the compliment. After all, and three years ago Bourdain was living away in obscurity in New York Magazine, directorial of celebrity chef. Since writing the 2000 best-seller *Kitchen Confidential*, in which he exposes the sex, drugs and bacchanalia at play in most restaurants, Bourdain has been endorsed by press and foodies worldwide. Last year he published *A Cook's Tour*, chronicling his eight-month interna travel adventure in search of the perfect meal. His travels were filmed and will air on Food Network Canada starting June 17.

While Bourdain is still the exec chef at Les Halles Boularderie, a French bistro in New York, he admits he hasn't worked the line in three years. "When I go into the kitchen, it's either for the cameras or just to prove I can still do it. I think my cooks roll their eyes and say, 'Here comes grandpa.' It's been a strange transition for the 45-year-old who often sits alone at his chosen plays of hard drugs, hard drinking, and hard debauchery. The former foodie is a cause celebre: "He's been around the world to work without health insurance paying bills like scrapping or hustling for money. There was never any permanence or security I am trying,



This New York foodie geek chef gets treated like a king.

ing, in some pathetic way to do a few more things, like have my walls painted for the first time in 20 years—permanently paint do this eighth?"

Then, that meaty question don't I because round from Japan to Spain to France and have the world's greatest steaks personally cooked for them. Nor are they melted into banh mi or Marquesas, Mexico and Vietnam for vibrant traditional family meals.

During Bourdain's cook's tour he ate pokézuke blarney in Japan, a common heart in Vietnam. Millet + pig in Portugal and a salad in Scotland. In every country Bourdain was placed with locals, and many chapters of episodes find him in way over his head: downing vodka shot for shot, with Russians; toasting Vietnamese with stones with former Red Dog in the Mekong Delta; drunk and shooting

Shonda Deziel

The amazing Technicolor dreamboats

The stars is real attention grabber—Super Drooper Gisele-Spice Davis. After that, the actual content of this new monthly Canadian comic book—the fun of the ultimate attempt to turn seriously good girls—girl is head of *Amazons*. The comic in question, *U.S. A. comic book*, is created by

transgendered Cindy, a martial arts expert talk like Valley girl who happens from planet to give birth, driving us things, taking pigs readings and slaying the word of molecular robotics. "For the last few years comic book characters have taken themselves as seriously," says Spice Davis creator

Bog Henneman, 29, of Calgary. "Spain, Ramona and the Cow Girl" are all Clark Gables in the shadows. I wanted to switch that, caused and do something playful and light-headed." The result is *Powerful Girls* meets *Cherish, Angels And Baby And Venus* baby wash their backs.



Overbites

"It was funny and it was scary and it was lame. I was walking around this hotel room, trying to get it to calm down." —Edmonton born actor Michael J. Fox speaks about a hand tremor which masked the first signs of Parkinson's disease.

"This makes so much sense because you can do whatever you want to yourself."

→ **May Chackos** on the new slot machines for the visually impaired named after her.

"You hear the toe touch, you see me too much. It's touch too much. It's doing and people will be bored and I'm the last person who doesn't want that."

→ **Callie Thorne** at a press conference in Mexico!

Autism weapons in Cimexiclia

From his towels, Bourdain allows that if he had to eat only one country's food for the rest of his life, he would choose Japan. "It's harder and harder, it doesn't hurt. I feel good before, during and after." And all of the places he visited, he was most seen with Vietnamese and plans to go back soon and spend a year there with wife Nancy. After coffee and orange juice, the chain-smoking chef has come to the end of his first trip to Mexico. On his way out, Bourdain makes a point of telling the Senator's owner that he hopes to return and try their famous cheese and eggs. A meal fit for a king.



From *Parade*/AP



Over To You HARRIKA SUMNER HURSTYN

Being Neve Campbell

Would he notice, Neve Campbell and me? Sure, she's a famous actress, a complicated Hollywood chick with a personal trainer and a new Porsche 911, while I'm a solitary writer, a member of that with a Rayon County on tour project. And sure, she can do accents, cry on cue and has Jobs as her boyfriend, while some days I can't even cry and it takes an effort not to raise my New Zealand reflexes with every sentence. But in Montreal, on the set of her movie *Last Junction*, the producers have decided I am to be her body double.

It's not as though I auditioned for this role. It came with the new web dog map, the cinematographer for a husband and the gospel of low-budget moviemaking. But when I comment on the obvious differences, the producer brushes them aside. "Well, shoot you from behind," he says helpfully, keeping his voice low, just in case it gets back to Neve. She's phone. More the doddily sweet victim of her own movie, and they figure she'll be a little nervous about a 40-something mother padding around to be her.

So I sneak off to the bathroom. They bring out switches of Neve's thick, kauri-brown hair and hold it up against my straggly blonde. In the mirror I can see they're perturbed. "Have we got it right?" asks the impishly thin businesswoman. "You're playing Neve?" She says the same as if after two minutes in front of the mirror I've revealed her newest friend. "Just from behind," I say and she groans, trying not to laugh.

It's hard work being the photo double of a movie star. Next I need a fitting. In the movie, Neve makes her own clothes, she's modest and kind, and she dresses around with a dead body in the cradle, walking on Neve's red and Capri pants. I can tell before they even try on my clothes that it's a lost cause, the top split wide across my perky-cut post-baby body. "They'll need a little adjustment," says the crusty wardrobe assistant, and I can see he is smiling. But I've been watching Neve on set, smiling sweetly at the crew, laughing at the director's corny jokes, studying the myth of the difficult actress, so I smile kindly and nod. "Um, perhaps just a little tweak."

Back on the set, it seems Neve found out. "We're in a flux crack-stop dress, it's 5 a.m. and the walls right past me. She's wearing the Capri pants and carrying her sissoo hat and her make-up gone. But everyone can see we have matching hair,"



I want to talk to her, but what do you say to the person you're doubling, something wacky and self-deprecating? Something about meuron dressed up as Neve and how no one will notice? She sits by the window waiting for her make-up. Outside, the lights have turned the darkness into day and I can see she's not quite inside this character yet, sitting on the edge of Mayne, the Southern half with a dark secret.

As they start to shoot the scene, the makeup artist sits next to me. She watches Neve closely. "She's beautiful, isn't she?" she says and I nod for the first time that she's lovely and that her beauty is more than just her looks and her talent. All the crew is on her side. She's treated her way through every long day, her every

mark and never complained. It's a tough act to follow.

A few days later, we're flown on somewhere in Mississippi for a shooting hot day and I'm in the passenger seat of a 1959 Gullwing Eldorado convertible. We're filming the driving scenes that connect the western and make *Last Junction* a real movie. Neve is back in air-conditioned LA, her close-ups and dialogue, drama and passion, complete. In the envelope she drives the bones of a car so it's more a sports coupe but in the heat it hums along, and we zoom in our inside our cameras. "Don't look at the camera," says Jeff Castle through clenched teeth as we pull slowly past the crew stationed at the end of the road. He waves the film and they've co-opted him to double for the male lead.

We drive on for three more days, searching for that slice of scenery that defines a movie that will magically rescue a film that feels like it's going nowhere. "Think of it as your honeymoon," says the producer, smiling sweetly as we pull up outside a decrepit bedsheet shack in Clarkdale, Miss. I look up and realize we're at the Creemore, the very spot where legendary Delta Blues legend Robert Johnson claimed he sold his soul to the devil. "Be careful," I say and point to the signs, a flickering neon guitar glowing bright in the morning. But the producer means my job and I sign and smile my tongue, just like I imagine Neve would have done, and slide on my sunglasses even though it's getting dark. This is the movie, after all.

Barbara Sumner Hurstyn directs the web series *Bleached* and *Anchored*. *Last Junction* will receive a release date

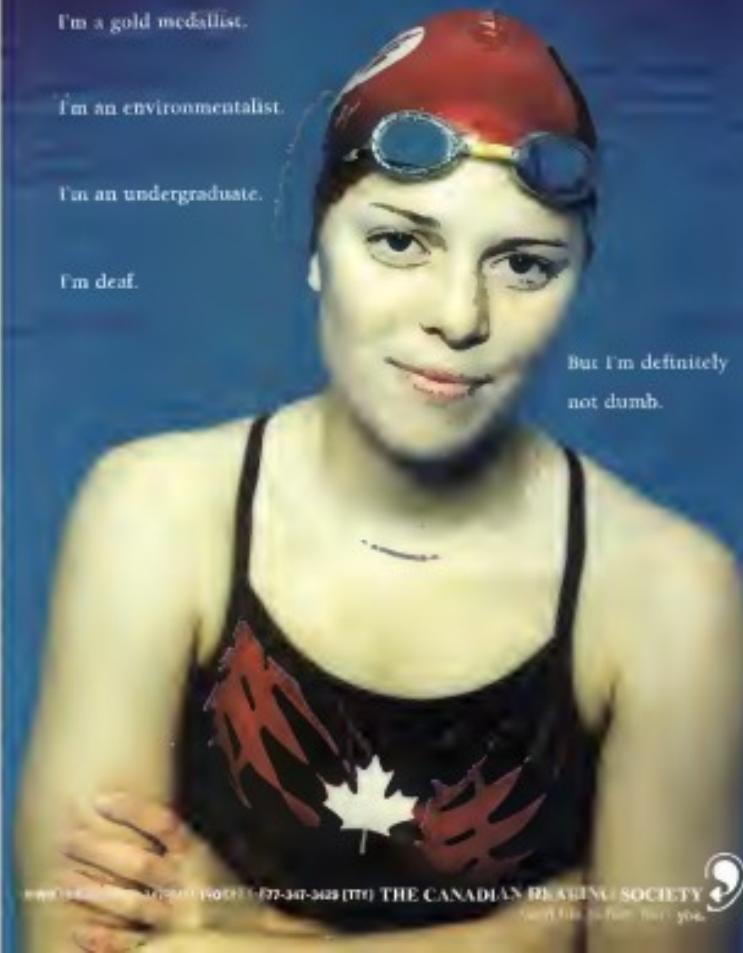
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I'm an environmentalist.

I'm an undergraduate.

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The Week That Was



Homicide police recovered a body in the back of a car at 21st and Stewart Monday evening.

Charges mount in case of 50 missing women

Mike Wilson was living in the downtown Eastside when she disappeared in 2005. Last week, her sister, Ada Wilson, went into news on the image of the alleged killer, pig farmer Robert William Pickton, appeared on a television screen in a Vancouver courtroom. The Crown then laid three more stupor charges against Pickton, who has already been charged with his murders, including Wilson's. The five were listed among the 50 women, many of them prostitutes or drug addicts, who have disappeared from the sandy土壤 since 1985—28 of them in the last seven years.

Meanwhile, police continue to search through a home that Pickton, 52, co-owned with his sibling in the Vancouver suburb of Port Coquitlam.

Pickton was out in court, but appeared by video from a Vancouver provincial facility; he was expressing his disbelief, except for breaking a few times as the Crown read the three new first-degree murder charges. Pickton is accused of killing Jacqueline McDonald, 26, Diana Ross, 24, and Heather Betterley, 25, who all disappeared between Jan. 16, 1998, and Nov. 23, 2001. He was originally charged at Feb. 22 with the first-degree murders of Wilson,

31, and Steven McIveray, 29, who also disappeared in 2000. Outside the courtroom, Ada Wilson was angry that Pickton had not appeared in person. "I wanted him to see my reaction," she said. "I've been waiting for this for a long time and I've been hoping it'd be." In February when police began searching the home, they anticipated their work would take a few months. Now, however, investigators expect to be at the property collecting evidence for at least a year. "We are going through the site to see a lot technically," said Vancouver police spokesman Det. Scott Oderoff. "As we uncover new evidence, there will be additional charges."

Trouble over Cuba

A jury in Philadelphia found a former Hamilton resident, James Salsedo, guilty of plotting with Cuban exiles the 2002谋杀 of a Canadian, Sébastien, 43, a Portuguese business executive, was convicted of 20 counts of violating the RICO law dealing with the Emery Act and firm counts of conspiracy—were thrown over of the charges while in October taken as Canadian and his forces up to 2005. His plan had still be sentenced on June 25. In Ottawa, a Foreign Affairs spokeswoman said the Canadian government will "conclude its monitor development closely."

Diplomatic DUI

A Japanese diplomat was arrested after operating a vehicle in Canada for one year after allegedly driving drunk and causing a car Wainman said the driver then got out of the sedan, narrowly missing a vehicle filled with fire hydrants. Canadian law enforcement policy against diplomats suspected of impaired driving was violated after Russian Andrei Knyazov used his immunity to avoid Canadian prosecution in a drunk driving accident that killed Ottawa resident Christine Macdonald in January 2004. In March,

The Week That Was

He was tried in Moscow and sent to four years in a penal colony for molesting his daughter.

Fixed for gay bashing

The Quebec human rights commission ordered the Montreal town to pay their gay neighbours, Theo Pouliot and Roger Thibault, \$36,000 for harassing them over the years. The commission ruled against Verber and Greg Ingle after noting on the couple's "dignity and reputation...[and] right to privacy." The commission does not have the power to enforce the payment, but will use the case to the Quebec Human Rights Tribunal, an independent judicial proceeding that could make the payment legally binding if it hasn't been settled by April 18.

Running scared?

Quebec premier-designate Édouard Beaupré said he will run in May 2 by-elections in the southern Ontario riding of D�eauville-Petawawa-Grey as a traditional Tory candidate. Even so, from the start in the legislature before leaving for Bay Street in February 2001, Beaupré, now premier, has been widely expected to run in a by-election. Premier Mike Harris' northern ad-

ing of Nipissing, but opposition politicians used a potentially hot comment there scared him off. Beaupré claimed that, saying he chase D�eauville-Petawawa-Grey because he's well-known there. He said his girlfriend, former MP MPP Isabel Beaton, often spent weekends at her country house in the riding.

Nortel 'junk'

The information technology service Moody's designated Nortel Networks Corp. as "junk" status. Bumper ice-cream-seller Nortel responded to tell investors it had expected the move and was operating "business as usual." The telecommunications company's stock price, which had already fallen below \$7 from its 2000 high of \$124.50, fell even more. The downgrade will increase Nortel's borrowed costs.

Case closed

Faouziyeh/legitimacy case: closed the investigation into the Aug. 31, 1997, death of Diana, Princess of Wales. The Court of Cassation in Paris upheld the conviction of murderer-chopper Georges-Antoine Le死 and a press motorcycle in the car crash that killed her. Moreover, al-Fayed, father of Diana's boyfriend,



Drawing the line

Newfoundlanders have suffered through some oil-richness issues. Six days was all it took on the rock after a federal tribunal finally settled the boundary between Newfoundland and Labrador and Nova Scotia about 110 km from the shores of each province. The decision gave

Port au Choix and the offshore region known as the Labrador shelf to Newfoundland, plus 60,000 square km area could hold nearly one trillion barrels of oil.

The ruling should settle the province's 37-year-old battle although Newfoundland's attorney general, the industry minister and the federal minister of fisheries, the Honourable Gisèle Bellemare, belong to Finance Minister Brian Pallister's team. The decision will resolve the dispute with just 10 per cent, about nine per cent, east of the districts of St. Pierre and Miquelon, belongs to Palster's team. Bellemare, Nova Scotia's minister of economic development, said that while the province was disappointed, it was unlikely to appeal the decision. The ruling opens the way back to oil and gas exploration, which was put on hold during the dispute.

Passages

Dead Fayed, who was also killed in the crash in the Alma traffic tunnel in Paris. And launched an appeal in September 1999 after French Judge Henri Salkin ruled that alcohol, drugs and excessive speed caused the accident, not the photographer who chased the car. Al Fayed claimed the photographer's actions should have been taken into account.

The tidy defence

When Ottawa set up its \$5-billion Medical Equipment Fund in 2000, it was to help provinces buy such non-reimbursable equipment as magnetic resonance imaging scanners and dental implant machines. But the Vanier Hospital government, which has received \$24.5 million from the fund in the last two years, had some other needs as well. The opposition Liberals revealed that many of the funds toward such items as a toaster (\$12,400), paper shredder (\$3,150) and smoking (\$12,000). Health Minister Diane Rishworth noted that 90 per cent of the province's hospital equipment budget was spent on medical supplies and defended the other purchases. The government, he claimed, would be concerned if that hospitals lacked equipment.

Pumped up

Gasoline prices rose sharply in many parts of the country as Mobile East tankers drove up the cost of crude oil. A bend in the Transcanada West Inlet crude, which in January sold for as little as \$18.02, reached \$27.73 on April 2 before falling back to \$16. Analysts warned about a dampening effect on mining, telecom, energy—and an fuel-dependent businesses such as homes—although the rising price was driven in part, by greater demand due to strong economic revival. One beneficiary is newly created EnCana Corp., of Calgary, the world's largest independent oil company (one without gas stations and refineries). Stakeholders approved the merger of major players Pan Canadian Energy Corp. and Alberta Energy Co. Ltd., both of Calgary.

Photo: AP/Wide World

Broker: Cochran Communications Inc., the company that produces Halifax's finance children's TV series, *Reader! Topboat!*, is in an ownership change.

Andrew Cuthras

claims the豪華的

started after a move

into the U.S. market

in 1991. **Reader!**

Too, a 30 m working replica of the lugger, will also be sold.

Bomb: British vehicle **Elizabeth Marley** gave birth to a baby dog.

Donna Charles, Harley, 26,

has said that the baby's father

is her former boyfriend, American film producer **Stephen Lang**. However, Lang has expressed doubts about whether he fathered the child.

GIGO Harry Brown started his radio career in Newfoundland as "Uncle Harry" on VOCM radio, St. John's, Jackpot in the 1950s. Over the next 50 years, Brown went on to host popular national CBC programs like *It's My Way*, *Montague and Mariposa*, as well as the *Daytime*-less public affairs show *Morn Morning Brown*, T2, died in St. John's following complications from heart surgery.

Discovered: A very rare gold Roman Age cup standing 1.1 cm high, was found in a prehistoric burial mound in Reit, England. The cup, which dates to 1,300-1,500 BC and is now one of the oldest treasures ever discovered in Britain, was found by an amateur treasure hunter using a metal detector.

Selected: Sir Noorani Zaidi, now 88, British entrepreneur known for London's Millennium Bridge, has been chosen by the University of Toronto to design the school's new pharmacy building. It will be Foster's first project in Canada.



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A VICEREGRAL VIEW OF PAST AND FUTURE

Roman Horskydys was first when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth visited St. John's as part of their 1939 cross-Canada tour. Just over 50 years later, he was appointed Canada's 26th governor general. He was the first to bring memory as well as real political power when he recommended the Queen accept Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's request in 1990 for eight temporary Senators in the Senate that could not defeat the Conservative government's GST bill in the Upper Chamber. Horskydys spoke to MacLean's from Ottawa last week about the past and the future role of the Queen's representative.

MacLean's: What are your memories of the Queen Mother?

Horskydys: Well, I'm old enough to remember the royal tour George VI and Queen Elizabeth came right in front of our house. It was planned with Union Jacks.

Last, of course, there were a couple of occasions with Her Majesty and the Queen Mother in Sandringham Estate. That was one of their favorite places and we were privileged to see the royal family as a family. The Queen Mother was just a going concern at the time; she was very active. We spoke quite extensively about her sons in Canada. To see the close bond between the Queen Mother and Queen Elizabeth was very moving. So it's a sense my wife and I have a personal reason for mourning her passing.

MacLean's: Does her passing mark the end of an era and an opportunity to rethink the role of the governor general?

Horskydys: I think we've come along way under our present system and the office has grown in uniquely Canadian terms. The governor general represents the country in a non-partisan way and is able to give leadership in celebrating excellence and achievement. The prime minister, because of the nature of that job, has to make difficult decisions that are not always popular. But it is still possible for people to rally around the Crown in the person of the governor general by living about a sense of togetherness and unity I think there is real advantage to that system.

MacLean's: Is there any advantage in having an elected head of state?

Horskydys: That would require constitutional change and it doesn't appear that's at the top of the priority list of any government for the foreseeable future. But even assuming that did take place, there would be a different dimension to the role. A popularly elected governor general would have greater legitimacy with respect to exercising his or her own discretion in areas of legislation. The political parties would try to take possession of that whole process. It would be almost inevitable for them to stay away. And I think that would inevitably lead to a stronger of the head-of-government, head-of-state office.

MacLean's: Would the office be better served with an independent appointment process so that people like yourself who come from elected politics are not tainted with partisan overtones?

Horskydys: Some of the media have talked about making appointments the preserve of the competence of the Order of Canada, rather than just the prime minister. It's interesting but, how can I put this delicately, it does smack a bit of elitism in that you are vesting that responsibility in an un-elected group. And then the question you have to ask, how does that happen? Do you look

(then all in a room)? Do you need unanimous consent or just 50 per cent plus one?

If the prime minister was prepared to delegate to an advisory council that would be another element to consider. But if there is a question of vesting the power of appointment in a separate group then that becomes a legal problem. If you change the method of election or selection by some group, agreement as they may be, that would require constitutional change and would be very difficult to achieve.

In my case I was very grateful that my appointment was on the basis of the recommendation of Prime Minister Mulroney. But the leaders of the opposition parties were consulted and supported my nomination. I'm not sure that always been the case.



MOURNING THE QUEEN MOTHER

The procession taking the coffin of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother to Westminster Hall was a grand pageant befitting the royal matriarch, who died March 30. More than 3,000 service personnel from five countries, including Canada, accompanied the gun carriage carrying the Queen Mother's coffin.

Walking behind were 14 members of the royal family.

The coffin, which will lie in state until the funeral on April 9 in Westminster Abbey, was draped with her coronation crown and a wreath from her daughter, Queen Elizabeth II. The inscription read: "A loving memory. Queen."





The passionate banker

Last month US\$153-million grub of the Tudor Federal Bank in the Good-Oil-Boy State of Georgia by the Royal Bank of Canada was its seventh US acquisition in less than two years. It was the latest lightning raid by Gordon Nixon, the 45-year-old whiz kid from Dawson Securities who now runs Canadian pension money machine. In the job for just eight months, Nixon is on a roll.

His first decision, to de-Canadianize the bank by changing its board from RBC-staged to its own to ultimately emerge as a major global player, namely in the North American market. His US takeover mean that this year, for the first time, more than a quarter of the Royal's revenues will flow from south of the border. More takeovers will follow, and while nobody is saying so, that is the Royal's answer to Ontario 1998 decision to kill its national strategy with the Bank of Montreal. If you can't grow bigger at home, you step outside and raid your neighbour.

The first non-financial to head the Royal, Nixon was RBC Downstream Securities Inc. chairman Tony Felli's chosen instrument for what amounted to a reverse takeover of the bank it wanted. As a result, its market cap is now the highest of any Canadian company, and shareholders are currently earning returns of 18.6 per cent. Now with assets in excess of \$36.2 billion, Nixon has cemented the Royal's position as leader of the pack, earning an 18 million eurocent through more than 2,000 offices in 30 countries.

When I recently dropped into his unpretentious office on the bank's 50-storey gold-dial headquarters tower at the foot of Toronto's Bay Street, Nixon expressed surprising passion about national issues. He told me that his main policy thrust will be to try and bring the private and public sectors closer together. "We're facing 50 regulations in 14 jurisdictions, and everybody is very self-serving," he says. "We all have agendas, and it's very difficult to put them aside. It's hard enough for individuals to establish their priorities. For corporations, it's much tougher, but clearly that's the essential job of management. What we need is closer engagement of politicians and civil servants in terms of working through some of these issues, instead of the current pure-polish relationship between Ottawa and business. Both sides realize that you don't gain a lot by constantly trying to cash up against each other."

Nixon is also one of the few corporate bigwigs concerned about what he calls the "hollowing out of corporate Canada," referring to the accelerating number of poster expatriates

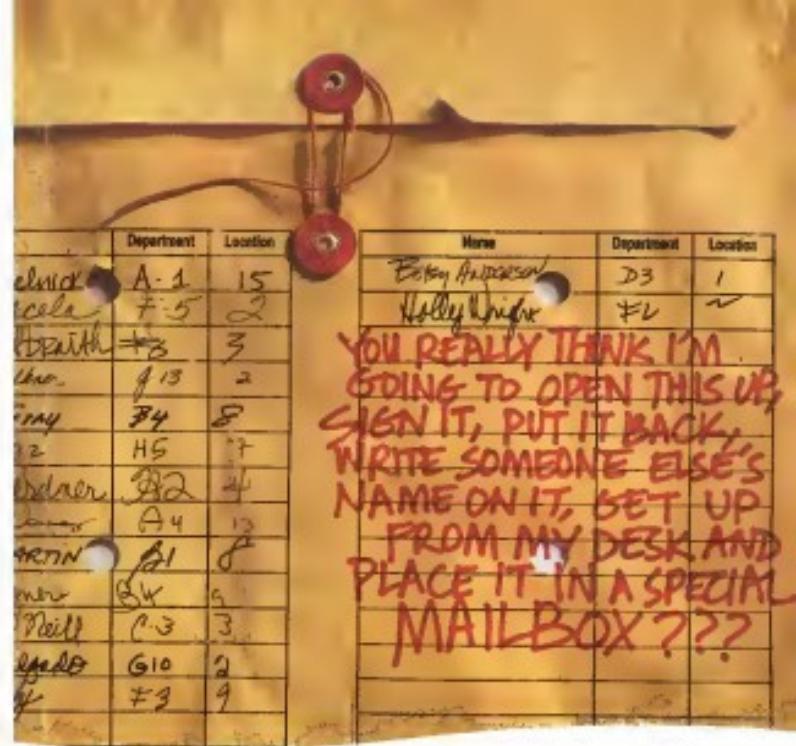
being snatched up by American multinationals. "You cannot allow industrial policy out of golf," he adds. "Markets are markets, and what's in the best interest of shareholders has to be of paramount importance. But we must create the policies and environment to allow domestic companies to thrive. At the moment, Canadian companies are being sold off at bargain basement prices because of our low dollar. Ten years from now, are we going to be competing with low-cost companies or with high-productivity countries? With Mexico or with the United States? The missing thing about the United States is they've had this high dollar maintained, yet continued to achieve productivity gains. Our weak dollar doesn't close the kind of productivity and innovation that we want to have in this country."

Nixon is adamant about the need to regenerate our sector of global corporate players. "The loss of the individual names is less important than how we replace them with new ones," says he. "The problem is that the league is getting harder and harder to get into all the time, because of the new requirements to succeed in the international arena. So, when we have dropped the ball, Ford production is a good example. There's no reason why Canadian should still own Ford, but it's a good example. There's no reason why Canadian should still own Unilever. The Scandinavian countries do, and they have fewer people and lower rates. And yet we've got back and watched that industry decline in terms of domestic sales and relative importance. If you look at the biggest Canadian companies, they're much smaller than the big Scandinavian and international companies. So we have to establish in several industries how we're going to grow world champions."

Nixon takes his marching orders from the business elite who make up his board of directors, but unlike some of the establishment's more sparsely adherents, he feels passionately about maintaining great international companies that are headquartered in Canada. "There are huge spinoff benefits," he states. "Where people have their manufacturing operations is important, but where the managerial mind and intellectual capital reside is critical. If you're just going to become a branch plant country, you're going to lose an awful lot in terms of innovation, executive opportunities and private wealth."

At the close of our interview, the country's top banker makes a startling admission. "The problems I have right now," he confesses with a grin, "is that I can actually sleep at night. There are so many things to worry about, I no longer know what I should be worrying about fast."

The Royal's new boss.
Gordon Nixon, worried
about our ability to
compete on the
international stage



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BY SHARON DOYLE DRIEDER

"We found him. He was our brother. The guy he turned out to be at the end was a very sick guy. It's not the guy we knew."

—Barbara Baetz O'Brien

"There was a guy who pitched in for everything John was a giving guy. The poor man was suffering immensely and people didn't get it. I think our lifestyle on the West Island, no that society, put a lot of pressure on people."

—Linda Allston, a neighbour

"You don't condone what he did, but I can't run the guy down because I know the people he has helped down here. Here'd a guy who helped even kids on the street. The guy never forgot his roots."

—Ian Stevenson, a childhood friend

Homicide got the call around 9:30 p.m. on Monday after officers arrived at the burning house in Kirkland, an upscale suburb on Montreal's West Island. This was no ordinary fire. The crew had discovered six corpses scattered through the two-storey home, all with bullet wounds to the head. A .22-calibre pistol lay next to one of the bodies on the kitchen floor. Fumes and an empty gasoline can suggested arson. "It looked like a mass murder with a suicide," says Commander André Bouchard, head of the Montreal police department's major crimes unit. The veteran cop left his office in an east end shopping mall and sped across town—"fished all the way"—to find a "wild ass" whom he finally mapped out of the crowd. "The uniformed officers looked like they were in a daze," says Bouchard. "People were hysterical. There

Photo: Eric Gosselin/CP

were newspapermen all over, walking on roofs to get better pictures. You like to be polarized, but I had to show people out of my service."

The fellow police tape went up—fear. "I blew my stack and put it back about 50 feet," Bauerschmidt says. But he could sympathize with the officers. The force had handled a dozen family murder-suicides that year, most never punished, in murders at sheer cold-bloodedness, the case that faced them last Sept. 23. The killer had apparently witnessed the massacre over those days, methodically wiping out his wife, his three children and his employer, before aiming the pistol at his own head. And there was a similar note for the members of the Kitchard family and police department—among them Bauerschmidt's brother.

Murder may be no less forgivable if it is a crime of passion. But the sick, crude logic of Bauerschmidt's long confession note appalled his disgruntled relatives. The disclosure that he had been planning the deaths for six months punctured the mystery of the seemingly generous man they thought they'd known. To the end, he had mis-

Helen's 75-year-old father, Carroll—everyone called him Grandpa—lived in Notre-Dame-de-Grotte but spent weekends with the family in Kitchard. Police followed up on her inquiry, shortly after 4 p.m., they discovered his murdered body in his NDG flat, bringing the death toll to seven. The next day, while chilling pictures, Bauerschmidt's suicide letter landed in the mailbox of his brother in Burlington, Ont., Halvard Bauerschmidt in Montreal, and her cousin in Hamilton.

The tragedy, buried in the avalanche of immediate post-Sept. 11 coverage, struck only a fraction of the nation's imagination. We have yet to learn. Perhaps the timing, too, was one of Bauerschmidt's calculations. His own father died on Sept. 18, 1979. Rosemary Bauerschmidt wonders if her brother



The proud patriarch at 13, displaying his trophies (left); Bauer with sister Rosemary and brothers Steve (back) and Bill (right) in 2000

Bauerschmidt, a detective. They knew the murderer, John Bauer, and the victim—he was their son, Jonathan, 22, Wesley 19, and Jessie, 13, as well as businessman Louis Beckerman, all well-liked, respected members of the quiet community. "It was heart-wrenching for the guys," says Bauerschmidt. "No one could believe it. They just bawled—shut up how Robert knew him. No one in the world," they said.

Karen Dunn had called 911 as soon as she saw the smoke billowing out of the house across the street. When she learned that the entire Bauer family had died, she began to worry about Elmer Carroll,

aged to go through the motions of a seemingly normal family life. Last spring, he sent Helen a gift of a gold holiday tree. Myrtle Beach. In July, he gave Wesley a puppy on what he had decided would be his son's last birthday. All summer, he clowned from the sidelines at Jessie's baseball games. "How could he seem so happy?" says Steve Bauerschmidt, his brother. "He was a very good actor."

It was a role Bauer had mastered over a lifetime, the fail-loving sports coach, the dedicated family man, the good provider. For most of his life, Bauer had been financially successful. The former teacher and

deliberately chose the same date, 22 years later, to begin his final, terrible act.

Bauer rose from decidedly modest beginnings in Griffintown, an Irish working-classhood on the southwest side of Montreal. He was the third of four children born to strict and frugal European immigrants. His father worked as a boucher at Canada Packers. His mother, who passed away in 1991, kept their flat scrupulously clean and her children strictly in line. This was in the 1950s, seemingly innocent times, when Johnny Bower would jump onto his two-wheeler and head to

the Bonsec Street park to play baseball.

By 1965, Bauer's parents had scratched together enough money to move to the more prosperous NDG area. There, Bauer attended St. Thomas Aquinas high school. He was a good student. But Rev. Sean Harry—a former Grade 8 dispenser and the priest who gave the homily at his funeral—remembers him as serious and somewhat taciturn in the wild spontaneity of an all-boy school. "It was hard to associate with him; he couldn't jive," says Harry, a professor of pastoral theology at Concordia University. "He would sit there, like a saint, in his seat, looking at you like you were crazy."

Bauer was a natural athlete whose confidante soared as the hockey rule and the baseball field. "Sports gave him license to be displaying, commanding and loud," says Harry. Larry O'Connor, a policeman in Brossard, on Montreal's South Shore, remembers his lifelong friend as a rough, confident player. "But I never saw a mean streak in him, where he would fight or hurt somebody in a physical way," he says. By his late teens, Bauer had become a respected bantam in Quebec Junior A. Today in the early 1970s, the NHL offered him a contract to reflect. Bauer signed, joined in the financial security of teaching. "He wanted more money than they were offering," says O'Connor.

Bauer was always a big spender. In 1968, a student at St. Joseph's Journeycake College,

power, success and self-esteem. "John flaunted his money," says Wendy Dunn, a maternal teacher who went to college with Bauer and his wife, Rosemary, and his wife. "He liked to be liked. And if he wanted you to like him, he would buy you stuff."

Quick with one liners and a sometimes mirthless sense of humour, Bauer had a certain charisma—which he could use manipulatively. "He could set up a room pretty quickly," says O'Connor. "He was very good at knowing how to make friends and talk to the right people." But it was easy to ignore the lisp in a kind-hearted friend. "He would go out of his way helping you," says O'Connor. "These are not a lot of people like that John had that badge of attractiveness." Old friends and acquaintances remember him as a take-charge type. "If there was a problem, it was, 'I'll fix this,'" says Harry. "Somehow, if you didn't know him, you'd say, 'This guy is an arrogant SOB.' But it wasn't really arrogance; it was the inverse—not being very sure about things."

College friends used to wonder where Bauer got his money. He had a part-time job in an NDG sporting goods store, but that wouldn't have supported a splashy style. Instead, on good terms with his employer, a meticulous owner, Bauer began to hang out in the track. "John had a silver tongue," says Steve. "He could talk anybody into anything." He soon knew all the gamblers, the women, the managers—and learned when to be at just particular houses. "Somehow somebody knew whom the house was going to," says Steve Bauer. "He made a fortune."

Bauer fit right into the mould of the successful, old-fashioned, suburbanite that he was in control, the boss who handled the

The cool, crude logic of the suicide note appalled his relatives. Bauer had been planning the killings for months.

he bought a 1962 Dodge. "He was the first guy to get a car," says O'Connor. "He was a big shot then and he loved that." Bauer's generosity was famous among friends. "He was very giving—even as a kid," says Rosemary. "Friends—on the street—John wouldn't give \$5, he would give \$50 or \$100." He turned on piping for charity, dinners. When Steve would try to pay his share, his brother would throw his money on the floor. Steve says Bauer—who in Griffintown grew up next door to a soup kitchen where defeated old men lived up for meals—had no easily absorbed North American's mean lessons: money moves

money and made sure his up-to-hands wife, his "little woman," lived in style. "Rosemary says [John] had acquired—and I think they worded it—'John wanted to be the king of the hill,'" says Dunn. His favorite line at Christmas, she recalls, was, "My little woman, show everyone what I got you." It might be a diamond, a fat coin, one year's new car in the driveway with a house on it. But Helga was never a "show-off," says Dunn, and in years past, John's extravagance seemed to embarrass her. "She did not want me to know what she got for Christmas or her birthday," says Dunn. "What does five

cover? Did she know it was a bad fit? At the time, I thought she felt sorry for me."

No one doubts Bauer's devotion as a father. "John boys were his life," says Steve. The former teacher would eat at the kitchen table night after night, helping his son with dinner homework. He attended all three games, and took on roles as a coach, referee or manager. He upped them with all the latest equipment: computers and toys, pushball machines, a pool table, phoneme and Phonics.

Bauer was as demanding as he was indulgent. A perfectionist, he pushed his sons to excel. "If they weren't No. 1," says O'Conor, "he thought they were letting the Bauer name down." At the time of his death, Jonathan, a Little League coach, was working as a bartender, trying to move on. "What. Much to his father's chagrin,

controlling ways. "Helen was by no means a domineer," says O'Conor. In fact, the Bauers' marriage had been showing increased signs of strain. John used to speak his mind—"pissing," says Steve. "Helen used to get so mad. John just shrugged it off—'Teen up anything I want.' " But over the years, she learned to take the man she had since passed. She often told Deneen, "I don't listen to him."

Bauer's world begins to spiral out of control in 1995, when he squared his leg. The gash didn't heal and infection set in. The pain became so excruciating, Bauer could barely walk. The former jock who normally would never get out of shape had ballooned to more than 300 pounds; doctors told him his leg wouldn't heal unless he changed down and imposed his carburetor diet. Bauer then underwent a stomach-simplifying operation. During a lengthy, ar-

Bauer was fired after showing signs of severe depression, alcohol abuse and lethargy. If so, he never confided in friends or family. Bauer told his brother he was fed up with campaign politics and had asked for a retirement package. The news of his departure surprised even close friends. "His job was secure, he had a car, an allowance, the money was good," says John Stawenski, a friend and a former classmate. "Leaving Labatt's was the bigger mistake he ever made." Bauer lost more than an income. He also lost a source of self-esteem—no more pressing spans emphasize Labatt's name. "Everybody's up on the ball, clapping, yelling and cheering, because it's the stars," says Beuchert. "And all of a sudden he wasn't the man."

Bauer had the fight with his sister Rosemary—over money. When their mother died in 1996, she left the house to her only daughter, then single and living at



Wedding day in July, 1976, after Bauer had saved enough money to buy a house; with Helen and baby Jonathan in 1979



Wesley, a creative arts student at Dawson College, had given a gift and taken up the guitar. "They were super nice kids," says Deneen, Jonathan's godmother. "They were polite, well brought up, under control." But they weren't quite measuring up to his lofty goals, and friends say Bauer would constantly criticize and gloat the boys. "Bauer was always bragging, 'I'm better than you,' " says O'Conor. "From what she said, they were scared of him."

While she had little independence, friends say Helen, a quiet but forthright woman, would stand up to her husband

driven recovery. He dropped more than 100 pounds and then faced a second round of surgery. For mostly a year, Bauer could not work. At one point, the insurance company cut off his disability payments and Helen couldn't afford to Deneen that she had to borrow money from her father.

Looking for a fresh start, Bauer applied for a transfer to Calgary with Labatt. Unsuccessful, he left the company in 1996. Eric Laverge, a manager who started at the company on the same day as Bauer, insists his former colleague made the decision to leave. But a police source indicates

he dropped more than 100 pounds and then faced a second round of surgery. For mostly a year, Bauer could not work. At one point, the insurance company cut off his disability payments and Helen couldn't afford to Deneen that she had to borrow money from her father.

After he left Labatt, Bauer spent six months selling automotive weighing and packaging equipment across eastern North America. He also took a short-term job as a night manager at Spars, a country and western bar in a rough, sketchy part of

N.D.G. The plump young bartender serving up beer on a snow-melting monsoonal Bauer as a "big teddy bear." Bauer visited Spars only once before his death—friendly joking to meet. The bartender says Bauer was thinking about opening his own night spot.

Bauer got a lead on his next job during a conversation at one of Jaccard's backgammon games. Beuchert, a bookie dad whose son played in the same league as the Bauer boys, ran Spas Financial Group, a small finance company, with co-owner Alan Chapman. Steve Bauer says his brother sold him Beuchert's interest in Spas for \$10,000. Chapman says his partner felt sorry for Bauer and offered him a job as a front-end rep. "He didn't pay his debts," one investigator noted. "Don't pull all the bills. So did we do go and bonus money?"

In June, Bauer applied for an \$80,000 second mortgage—from Spas. Chapman says that while Beuchert considered it, he rejected the idea because, among other things, Bauer did not have a solid repayment plan. After the second mortgage was turned down, Bauer stepped away from work for most of the summer, complaining about back pain. "We were calling him to find out what was happening," says Chapman. "He said, 'Well, I'll call you, he'll call you.' He never did."

Bauer was busy—hatching a plan to collect on a \$400,000 life insurance policy. Says Helen: one investigator told her that, only weeks before the slayings, her brother had tried to hire a hit man to shoot her and Beuchert as they walked out of a bar together. That the hit men emerged and reported the plot to the police. According to Beuchert, the plan did not include Beuchert, and Bauer only sold a friend the hit he was planning to hire a killer. Whatever—when this came to the attention of the police, Bauer said it had been a misunderstanding. "Why would I want to kill myself?" he asked, according to Beuchert.

Bauer's life began to spiral out of control with his 1997 injury. Within a few short years, he was mired in debt.

"He owed money to everybody," says Beuchert. The police investigation turned up several D.O.S.s., including one for \$10,000 due to a friend within a few weeks. He was also borrowing from his wife-in-law; in a note to her about a \$6,500 loan, Bauer wrote, "Don't tell Helen." In a rare moment of openness, Bauer once confided to Stawenski that Helen would be better off if he went dead because she could collect his insurance. "I could drive the car into a wall," he told his friend. "But with my luck I would probably survive."

Beuchert left because a recent compli-

cated money-juggling act, "By a little bit this month on this and that, oh shit, how are you going to pay someone else—that's how it was," Beuchert says. Police also speculate that Bauer had attained gambling debt may have owed even more money—to the wife's credit.

They suspect that his elder son, Jonathan, had large sums being lent on guitars.

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"Don't pull all the bills. So did we do

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Police believe that Bauer probably shot Helen first, then Jonathan, sometime on Tuesday morning while they were still sleeping. To fend off suspicion, he called the elementary school where Helen worked in the lunch program, explaining that she was unwell. He also phoned Jonathan's school to inform them of his such absence. Wesley had classes all day Tuesday, but Wesley died in the morning, after he returned from school. Police are not sure when Jonathan died. It may have happened while he arrived home after his shift ended at 3 a.m. on Wednesday.

On Wednesday morning, Bauer drove to his father-in-law's farm in N.D.G. Carroll appears to have been shot from behind while was reading to take his coat from the clothes. Beuchert then called Carroll's employer to explain that his father-in-law would not be able to work that day because of a sore throat. Bauer had already started his double learns—police sources think that was done before the killings began.

The afternoon, he called Beuchert and Chapman, who were playing golf, and invited them over to take care of some outstanding business. The partners declined. On Thursday morning, Beuchert's cellphone rang as he drove his son to school. It was Bauer; the boy last told police his father had a friendly conversation. John invited his son back for breakfast, but Beuchert dropped his son off before heading over to the Bauer home around 8:30. Bauer rolled him, then spread gasoline around the house, lit the fire and took his own life.

Who is Steve Bauer? Bauer opened his home like he thought, at first, it was another of John's plots. By the time you get this issue will all be gone," Bauer began. "I buried him, creating a confusing maze. Because fire and water damage destroyed much of the evidence, police had to rely on pathologist reports, interviews and Bauer's own letter to reconstruct the crime. They tested messages on his fax and phone lines. They also ordered DNA tests on the silvers from the envelope and power-box case to prove he fired the gun. Still, there are mystifying gaps in the gruesome scenario.

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In search of a stable career, Buscemi graduated from teachers' college in the early 1970s (left) relaxing at home in the late 1980s

dark diminishing prospects. He lobbied his father-in-law because, he wrote, Carroll would not have survived without the family. He would like everybody "out of their pants," so they would be "happy together in paradise."

For Steve that's a statement in no explanation at all. "Fine, come on inside," he says. "But why shoot everybody? Why the kids? Because you can't give them the lifestyle you had because you are in debt and can't get out?" Steve is convinced that financial pressure is too firmly an excuse. "They could have easily declared bankruptcy," he says. "There had to be something else that triggered it." There are others who don't find Buscemi's self-purification credible. "John never believed in heaven," O'Connor says. Talk of "acts of love," of uniting everyone in heaven, he adds, "is the last thing he writes and he is still putting on a show. Think John—putting on a show I don't think any of it rings true."

Buscemi's letter does not mention Bechard—the only victim outside his family. Investigators think the decision to kill him may have been a "lur-of-murder" thing—revenge after Bechard and Chaput snatched down his negotiator for a second mortgage. Police speculate that Buscemi would likely have killed Bechard's partner as well if he had showed up at the house. "Absolutely. I had facts—big fact," says Chaput. "It could have been me as well, but I was driving to Quebec that day."

It could take as long as three years to

write the final report detailing the elaborate crime, but police consider the Bauer case closed. "We are hoping we have everything," says Brashford, pointing to a card-based box on his office floor, neatly packed with files and photo albums containing pictures of the crime scenes. But the consideration about "Our proof search can and did—there are some loose ends. The only thing we are sure of is that Mr. Bauer was the killer."

These "loose ends" are still under discussion in Bauer's wide circle of friends and acquaintances. "Are we getting the true story?" asks one friend, referencing by naming hislessness in the case. "Is it in the deepest basic sense..." How did Bauer manage to kill five people in a busy hour without arousing his victim—or neighbor? How could Jonathan, presumably in home on Sunday morning, not be aware of the killings? Why didn't the family's three dogs—one disappeared, the other two are in new homes—raise a alarm? Had Bauer been threatened by loan sharks? Had the family been harassed? Did the police miss something?

Such lingering doubts may be fuelled by the need to reconcile the brutality of the murders with the humanity of a man once loved. Among some, there is fierce anger at Bauer: "I wouldn't mind John as being a Mr. Good Guy who was bad," says O'Connor. "This was a cold-blooded, multiple murderer." In fact, O'Connor admits about some of his friends' naive dis-

bout acquaintances and what he says was Bauer's increasing fascination with "criminal killing somebody or breaking somebody's legs," had begun to distance himself from his old friend. "He was into the fast lane and the big brads, rough guys and tough cops," says O'Connor. "We think he had an angle—somewhere, somehow, something didn't work out right." Yet the sense of loyalty to Bauer is remarkable. "It's hard to explain the feeling in the community," says David O'Neill, a childhood friend. "Johnny always seemed to be there for people who needed something. He goes back a long way. Who else had known the details that are over our minds?"

No one who knew him can forget what went through Bauer's mind in those last terrible days. "Who did he do? Where did he sit? Did he sleep?" Harry the former claimant remembers pondering those questions as he prepared for the funeral. Harry the psychologist sees a man whose identity was based on his success as a provider, and who was unable to cope with adversity and disappointment. "A man who was lacking the ability to say, 'I am in trouble,'" Harry believes. "I would say an act of despair but the outcome of a long period of despair." But not even the most clued-up psychoanalyst can explain the leap to mass murder. Says Harry the priest: "The punishment fit evil in the defense—but due to the severity of the human mind."



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Votes for sale

Nova Scotia has a long history of dirty campaigns

BY JOHN OLIVERT in Halifax

THE man who has cast the biggest shadow over Nova Scotia's Liberal leadership race isn't one of the three candidates whose names will be the ballot this week. He's a food-bank worker from the mapledour mining town of Glace Bay John Haley took no less than a reporter that a worker for Francis MacKenzie offered him \$50 and a free Loblaw membership card for a new leader. Haley claimed he would tell which candidate to support. But the allegation smacked enough of vote-buying to shake up the race. MacKenzie's handling claimed that no one working for them did anything wrong. After grudgingly looking into the allegations, the party brass also said there

had been no wrongdoing, but by then no one seemed to be listening. And just like that, a campaign that was meant to be all about ideals and party renewal shifted of old-style political campaign.

Surprise, surprise. For the last 12 years, urban-majority governments have tried in vain to stem Nova Scotia's wild and woolly political culture. And, to be fair, four consecutive administrations have taken big strides to root out patronage, dominate questionable electronics and make the province's political system more accountable. The end result: "The culture is changing," says Leontine Paynter, a political science professor at Dalhousie University. "But in Nova Scotia politics it still a blood sport."

Old habits do seem to die hard in a province where John Buchanan—the Tay-

panner whose excesses informed many of the later reforms—once argued that "elections should not be fought on issues." The Gris vote-buying allegations, which were circulating long before Haley took them public, certainly reinforce that. So does the race-man race now underway to lead the province's New Democrats, which found the star has been ousted by muddling, including an anonymous e-mail to a reporter about ex-leader David Densel's 25-year-old drunk-driving conviction.

Think it's down-and-dirty now? Back in the late 1970s, the province's election polls were open for weeks at a time and candidates kept "houses of entertainment" that provided supporters with free lodging, food and booze. Back then, partisan country sheriffs allowed only those supporting their candidates to cast ballots. And Americans vying for power found their debacles to support them. "When districts were freely contested," Halifax historian Brian Collishaw has written in his book *Johnny Shove at the Polls: Nova Scotia Elections, 1758-1868*, "there could be much fraudulent voting, drunkenness, epic brawls to gain possession of the parsonage leading up to the hustings, intimidation of voters, and great expense to candidates."

Make no mistake: Nova Scotia's political base has changed with time. But it's a fact established fact that men, cash or favors can do wonders when it comes to winning an edge at the voting booth. A story handed down through generations of Liberals about the 1955 federal election illustrates how widespread vote-buying was even at that late stage. The federal Liberal candidate had a tailor in tow when he campaigned in the predominantly black community of Pictou, 30 km east of Halifax. If elected, he promised, the Gris would run a tailor shop just for the constituency. The tailor was there to measure local men for uniforms as payment—for the few dollars cash-paying occupations often to black males at that time. When he campaigned for re-election in 1960, the MP assured Pictou that these rates were promised that the tailors were still going to happen. As proof of the liberal party's good faith, the candidate had again brought the tailor along—in one of the Pictou men had put on weight since the last time they were measured.

One practice in modern-day politics

Tory who spoke to MacLeod on condition of anonymity still remembers the first election he worked on, driving through a riding with the candidate in the early 1960s, a stock of \$2 bills and a trunk full of barrels of rum to be left with Conservative poll captains. The Gris were no different: a long-time key player in the provincial party who also wished to remain anonymous recalls working for party leader Gerald Hogan in the 1970 election that made him premier of Nova Scotia. After the Tories tried to buy votes by dropping markers in the working-class riding of Halifax Northeast, Gett operators left party headquarters with bags of \$3 bills for voters. "You can't buy Nova Scotia votes," he remembers one of the Gris後來者 gloating. "You can only lease them."

That memory certainly rings true for Stephen Kimerer, now director of the university's John Buchanan year. Characterized by widespread allegations of political patronage and chicanery, the term marked a watershed for the province. "Nova Scotians have been politically alienated ever since," says James Blackerton, a

Says Kimerer: "It would be nice to think this was some kind of isolated case. But I just don't think so."

By the late 1980s, kinks appeared to have really changed. That much became clear in the trial of five Liberal workers who pleaded guilty to buying votes on election day in 1988 with rum and money hidden in a Shefford funeral home owned by a Gris MLA. What's noteworthy is the final argument that vote-buying was an endemic in Nova Scotia: it was unfair to single out a few individuals. It's "policy all over," said their lawyer, Irving Park. It certainly seemed that way in Nova Scotia's Gaspéborough County on the other side of the province, where, in the same election, two Tory campaign workers were fined \$350 each for delivering loads of gravel to persuade people to vote Conservative.

Those cases came on the tail end of the scandal-ridden John Buchanan year. Characterized by widespread allegations of political patronage and chicanery, the term marked a watershed for the province. "Nova Scotians have been politically alienated ever since," says James Blackerton, a

political science professor at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish. "Nobody wanted to return to the patronage and corruption of the Buchanan era." Even then, reforming the system hasn't been easy. Liberal premier John Savage faced open revolt within his own party, and eventually resigned in 1997 after, among other things, trying to eliminate party patronage.

His party's attempts to demonstrate how it chooses new leaders have also run into problems. In 1992, Liberal party members were assigned personal identification numbers to allow them to vote by telephone. But a Sydney lawyer named Nash Bragan, who claimed 250 new members had coded their PINs to him, was shouting that block of votes around to candidates. No one took him up on that, and a party investigation found that Bragan's offer was against the spirit but not the letter of the campaign rules. A decade later, again under fire for possible voting impropriety, the Gris are saying the process is clean. But in a province where anything goes in the political arena, these words have a distinctly hollow ring. ■



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- 6 AIR-SET AIR COOLING SYSTEM Microchip technology for the control of in-shoe sensors
- 7 AIR-BELT REMOVABLE INSOLE Breathable fabric technology to be used for hygiene
- 8 EASY-STEP PADDED TIP-LINES Avoid catching and pulling
- 9 AIR-SET WALKLICER External air cushioning system



The promise of Camp David (bottom left) has long since dissipated; Palestinians apprehended in the Israeli crackdown

decades, power has passed back and forth between left and right, the fortunes of Labour and Likud rising and falling as the electorate voted to enhance the prospect of peace or the promise of security. Not anymore. Eighteen months of mounting violence have left Israelis dispirited and depressed, but united in a way they have rarely been before. Ariel Sharon swept to power in February, 2001, on the promise of more peace and security, though he has failed to deliver either; few Israelis seem inclined to hold him responsible. "Most people would put the blame squarely on Arafat, not Sharon," says Asher Seier, director of the Middle Eastern Studies at Tel Aviv University. "They feel the Palestinians chose the path of violence."

Support for the current military campaign, fuelled by a national sense of outrage over the deadly Passover attack, is running high: 72 per cent according to a *Jerusalem Post* poll, with almost a quarter of respondents agreeing that Arafat should be "eliminated"—a euphemism for killed. The response rate among the 30,000 survey questions called to date is reportedly overwhelming. Central to Israel's general disillusionment with the peace process is a strong shared belief that the dovish Barak offered Arafat the deal of the century at Camp David. Everything was on the table, Israel will tell you—autonomy of Jerusalem, the dismantling of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, a solution to the refugee problem. Arafat missed a golden opportunity and therefore the frustration, says Haim Davan, Israeli ambassador to Canada. "What a waste—the loss, the destruction. If he had come on with the Camp David proposal, who knows where we would be today?"

Courtesy AP

condemning the Israeli incursions and damning the Bush administration's rapid attempts to bring a halt to the violence.

With the spectre of all-out war now looming on the horizon, all sides in the conflict appear unsure how to chart a path forward. George W. Bush has called for a Israeli withdrawal, while Secretary of State Colin Powell is due to arrive in the Middle East this week on yet another peace mission. But it seems unlikely that Arafat and Sharon, lockstep antagonists for decades, are ready to forge a new understanding between their peoples instead, the blarney continues. And what were once stumbling blocks on the road to peace have become insurmountable obstacles.

The Israeli view

A passionate and polarized society, Israel has always been short on consensus. For

now the situation has changed. Eighteen months of violence and suicide attacks have permanently altered the political landscape. The current military campaign is making that clear, says the ambassador. "We are sending a message that we are changing the rules of the game. No more excuses, no more giving it another try. I hope that the international community will put pressure on Arafat. The message is that Arafat will have to take personal responsibility for what happens from now on."

Sharon talks of "unilateral redeployment"—a cold peace, backed up by military force. After an eventual withdrawal from the territories, Israel will fall into a defensive posture, he predicts, pulling back in military, closing some isolated Israeli settlements and moving the settlers into larger, more easily protected blocks. Proposals to build a security perimeter around the Palestinians, penning them in with high-tech fences, a steady pinning support, he notes. In other words, the promise of security—with or without a peace agreement or ceasefire. Even accepting that the Israeli offer at Camp David was insufficient, why then choose shielding Israel's celebration of Passover, blocking health care or education? Seier adds. "Both sides have shifted to the extremes. And that makes things extremely difficult for the future."

The Palestinian view

An occupation without end, a litany of broken promises. If Israel left betrayed by the breakdown of the peace process, Palestinians feel cheated. In their view, the historic 1993 Oslo agreement was a binding contract for a free and separate Palestinian homeland, a deal the Israeli government never had any intention of honouring. The road to peace became impossible because of barricades Barak erected and his insufficient offices at Camp David, they say. Now Sharon is busy digging up the past tense. "Sharon wants to end Oslo by dismantling the Palestinian Authority and militarily defeating the Palestinian people," says Hassan Abdellah Rabah, the Palestinian diplomatic representative to the United States. "It is a very dangerous agenda because if he is left free and unfettered, he is literally opening the gates to hell."

It was Sharon who sparked the intifada,



the security crackdown. During the week, Arafat remained confined to his Ramallah offices, while Ariel Sharon openly mused about sending him into exile. There have been clashes with Hezbollah guerrillas along the Lebanese border, while around the world, Muslim crowds demonstrated, some in anger, others in support of the intifada.

Davans have been filled in the fighting throughout the West Bank, and hundreds of Palestinian trim have been arrested in the weeks since. The gates to hell?

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

It is a frozen moment that now speaks of high hopes, mixed apprehensions and betrayed expectations. A giggling Yasser Arafat being gently pushed through an open doorway by a grinning Ehud Barak, Bill Clinton, who owns over the two leaders, clearing the threshold for the Palestinian and Israeli peace-makers. It is only 20 months since that photograph was taken at Camp David, but it seems that everything—and in the same time, nothing—has changed in the Middle East. The progress and promise of years of negotiations has dissipated. Violent clashes and suicide bombers, once fading nightmares, are now daily realities. Two of the main players in the drama have been replaced, and the third actor on the brink.

Davans have been filled in the fighting throughout the West Bank, and hundreds of Palestinian trim have been arrested in the weeks since. The gates to hell?

Canada and the World



An Israeli soldier in Ramallah (left); Sharon has moved about, exiting Arafat, aftermath of a March 31 bombing in Hebron (right)



ays Bahrami, regarding an almost universally held Palestinian view. On September 2000, visit to the al-Aqsa Mosque plaza, also known as the Temple Mount—a holy site for both Jews and Muslims—was a provocation, a declaration of religious war. The Israeli army's heavy-handed response to the Arab mass that followed aggravated the cycle of revenge and retaliation.

When the subject of the Camp David talks is raised, Bahrami sighs and looks into a well-rehearsed account of what he calls the "trap" of benefit generation after. There was no written proposal, says Bahrami, who participated in the negotiations, only vague promises delivered via U.S. officials. "The maximum they offered was 80 percent of the West Bank and Gaza." The 11 percent they wanted to keep were all the settlements, the Jewish water aqueduct, and the borders with Jordan and Egypt. Back was offering at three. Bahrami's reference to the apartheid-era "homelands" in South Africa is surrounded by Israel, linked together by canals and bridges. "Jerusalem would have remained a city under Israeli control, with a small Arab 'ghetto' surrounded by settlements," he says. The Palestinian refugees were to be lobbed off on short cruises without even so much as an apology for the land they lost in 1948, and Israel was preparing a continued military presence in parts of the West Bank. "It was simply unacceptable," says Bahrami.

Rasul Salloukh, a specialist in Middle politics at Concordia University in Montreal, says the Palestinian people have been deeply disillusioned by the young men between their expectations of peace and the reality they were living in. "What was presented at Oslo, and pursued after Oslo, was perpetually being renegotiated," says Salloukh.

says Salloukh. "The culture of peace, the dynamic of peace was gradually revised. It gave me in very moral terms in Palestinian society that Arafat could control, and in many ways, doesn't want to control." Even if Arafat is forced out or removed from power, the situation is unlikely to change, says Salloukh. "The Palestinians aren't so desperate to escape from their [wherever] situated in the past," he says.

Rahmani says Israel's demands that Arafat bring an end to the suicide attacks—demands echoed by the U.S., Canada and many other nations—are ludicrous. If Israel will sit back and let people carry out the bombings, how can the Palestinian Authority claim that a prisoner in its own cells, he asks? "This is a way of saying we do not agree with, but we understand why it happens," Bahrami says of the sanctification. "You have no change the environment. The solution to this problem is to end conflict 54-year military occupation."

The American view

A pit of quagmire within a miasma, deep in the heart of a forbidding swamp. For the world's one remaining superpower, the Israel-Palestinian problem is at once its greatest challenge and its most unavoidable. Bill Clinton, lured by a sex scandal, tried to build a legacy by devoting his considerable charm to breaking a peace deal. He failed, and will forever go down in history as the bane of a nation's offend-officer late-night talk-show jokes. Bush came to office determined not to expand his political capital even from home. Sept. 11 changed that, and now the administration under fire from foreign and domestic critics who charge that his administration's hands-off approach has allowed the situation to spin out of control.

"Bush thought America was overextended and that Clinton was straining away his presidential powers in his day-to-day involvement in the crisis," says Scott Lasry, a fellow with the New York-based Council on Foreign Relations and former adviser to Al Gore. "But now the violence is worse and Clinton is a bit more of a disaster survivor." Lasry says the Sept. 11 attacks have changed all aspects of American foreign policy. Bush wants and needs the goodwill of the Arab world for the next stage of the war on terrorism, widely presumed to be further military action against Iraq. The only way to assure that support is to find some way out of the current turmoil. "The No. 1 priority is to dampen the flames," says Lasry. A more permanent solution, the long Clinton gambled on, is probably too much to hope for at this point. "There is no magic bullet. We're not going to send in troops. All we have is a moral mission—the power of the pulpit."

Richard Haas, a former ambassador-at-large and peace negotiator to the region, says he sees little room for a solution while Arafat and Sharon assert in power. "The man we can hope for is exhausted," he notes. "A feeling that the man has gone so far in understanding to let [it] fly go on." Those who criticize the United States for its failure to broker, or impose, a peace settlement fail to recognize how inextricable the problems are and how deep the animosity runs, says Haas, now a member of the Center for Strategic & International Studies, a Washington think-tank. "If anyone has a brilliant idea as to how to pull everybody back from the brink, that would be useful," he says. "But simply bearing up on the U.S. for not doing it well enough is not particularly helpful."

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'A little accident'

A daughter searches for the truth behind the 1983 killing of her journalist father

The anguishment in February of the killing in Leitham of Will Stott, Journal reporter Daniel Pearl, and the secret awakening of Toronto Star correspondent Rabeha Krouse while covering the war in Afghanistan have graphically underscored the dangers some journalists voluntarily face. The succumbing group Canadian journalists for Free Expression report that at least nine reporters have died this year while performing their duties, and many others are ongoing war as the reason for the deaths of others. The longer a man stays in September 1980, Clark Todd, a 38-year-old London-based reporter for CTV, was killed while covering the war in Lebanon. A native of Saco, Maine, N.H., Todd was an award-winning journalist, and one of the newest up there. But in the young, disillusioned family he left behind, that was the ride they knew best. He was 27-year-old daughter Anne, a radio and television reporter with the BBC, recently received her father's last days, and wrote the memoir for Macmillan.

Clark Todd. One of Canada's top reporters. The Middle East, Berlin, Northern Ireland, Poland — where ever there was a story, he was there. The consummate professional, and fearless. And I didn't know his name at all.

Clark Todd, the father. One of the friend less fairs in Hatfield, a small town in England. That was the man I went up to. Held him and kiss me good night. His eyes would be smiling his sweater unknit from the office. This was the man I made up with when I couldn't sleep. The man who filled our readings on Christmas Eve. The man who chose us as school singing On Up! Singers at the top of our voices.

Almost 20 years ago, the two worlds collided. Canada lost a first-class reporter. My then four-year-old brother, six-year-old sister and I — aged nine — lost a fine-class father, my Mum, the man we loved.

One day late February, I was at work typ-

ing up some loose ends and preparing to go home at about 10 o'clock, when the phone rang. It was my mother, Anna. "Daniel Pearl's dead," she said. "He's been murdered." My heart sank. Until that moment there had been a silver lining. Now nothing. Paul had been missing in Pakistan for weeks before his death was finally confirmed. This element of 'not knowing' is something my family — and particularly my mother — knows all too well.

I remember the week in September, 1983. Will known for a few days that our father had been reported in Lebanon. "Daddy had a little accident," my Mum said. "But they're trying to get him home soon." It didn't really affect us — after all, he was always going himself into right situations. Had been hit with a plastic bullet in Northern Ireland, had been around Poland; that was just another story to tell our friends at school.

Then, a few nights later, I went downstairs to tell how Daddy was. My Mum sat me on their bed and told me he was dead. His body had been found in a place called Kfar Mena. Fifteen months I didn't try to sleep. We had the funeral and we had the wake at school and we read lessons from people around the world and I had this great story to tell my friends ... but sleep doesn't. I was desperate. Desperate because I knew that no matter how much I sat in class, wishing he would smile to and accept me up in his arm, he was never ever coming back.

Earlier that year, my sister, brother and I decided to make the trip to Lebanon and Kfar Mena. We wanted to find out where, and if possible Ann, our Dad died. We wanted to find our why he naked everything to tell you — the people of Canada — a story.

I was filled with anticipation as we drove up to Kfar Mena, a 40-minute journey

from Beirut. In my dreams, my tall, grey-haired father, with hands like shovels, was there in masses. I thought like old times Leslie Ben sitting on his shoulders. After and I would hold a hand each. Needles to say, he wasn't. Instead, we were met by Abu-Dah, a respected member of the community, who wore my mother after Dad died, detailing villages' sequence of events. He also sent us a pillowcase upon which Dad had written in his final hours. It included the message "Please tell my family I love them." That bloody silly rig is our final remembrance.

To break the ice, I showed the villagers a photograph of my family standing outside our house in England. My Dad towers above us all. He's smiling. Later, a middle-aged man called Fouad shows me a book of photographs. I catch my breath as he turns page after page of bodies piled up — stark in the rooms in which were now standing. He points to a building, sitting coupe at the front of the heap. "This is my daddy."

I don't know what to say. What surprised me most in Kfar Mena was that almost everyone remembered Dad. Probably better than Ben, who was barely four when he died. They scrambled to tell us their memories of a "good man" who laughed with them but also warned them to leave the village. One man, Fouad, pointed with startling accuracy to the spot where a shell had exploded and the shaped his Dad in the top left of his chest. Sad apparently helped him down to an unbed edifice, where he lay as a boil while a local man was summoned. The rest of Dad's crew — suggestions, soundman and driver — left soon after to get help. The villagers said Dad's wound wasn't life-threatening. He might have survived, if the Christian militia — the Phalangists — hadn't attacked that Phalangite following morning.

One hundred and nine people were



Anna Todd (right) with her family in London, 1985.

Canada and the World

gained down as they had in the damp-dark cellar near where my Dad lay. Many others were taken hostage and tortured. Twenty-five-year-old Maral now eats dinner in the moon where her 14-year-old sister and 29 others died, including Ronald's mother.

Ronald, 16 at the time, was taken hostage. He rolls up his sleeve to reveal scabs on his wrists. He has been left half-blind by being through his skin. One man, Major, won the first collar when the Phalange burnt in. Five of them escaped through a back door. His grandfather didn't make it. The people in Kfar Mena said my Dad didn't either.

The Phalanges held him captive. An elderly man, Salim, whose life had been spared, told them there was only a wounded American journalist and they should leave him. They didn't. "I heard them say bad words at him and they shot him too," he said.

Kfar Mena is a sleepy village high up in the mountain south of Beirut. These days, children run through the streets and old men play cards, sitting on upturned crates. The view across the valley is breathtaking: the air is clean and cool. It's almost impossible to believe the horrors that happened here. My sister Alex made friends with Maral, who now her name is Alex, asked her if she was religious. "No." Did she understand religion? "No." Did she understand politics? "No." Did she know why her sister was killed, and others spared? "No." Some people try to heal, but it doesn't answer questions. Maral's confusion—like ours.

We left the village, feeling strangely uplifted. We finally had some understanding of what happened. But later that evening, we met Karim, the driver for Dad's crew, and in all felt uplifted. He perched on an upright chair in the hotel room and, pointing for dramatic effect, and he carried the "weight" of what happened on his shoulders. He said they had wanted to leave Kfar Mena much earlier. They were held back by another crew, unrelated to theirs, who were too scared and refused to go. My Dad wouldn't go without them. When they eventually moved, Dad was left in the other, by a spy's bullet. "Not sharp?" we asked Karim. "No. A sniper." They helped him to an empty house and held padding to his chest. That night when he was dying, and they should go. Karim said if they'd



The pillowcase on which Clark Todd wrote his final message to his family (top); Anna (standing), older Alex in Lebanon (right); their father reporting in Northern Ireland

stayed, they too, would have been killed. The other, foreign crew—the one they'd really well wanted for—had already fled. Karim admitted he only knew what happened up to this point. But he said the villagers were kind. They treated someone when Dad was hurt. And yes, he was seriously injured. "Of course he was. He had blood dripping from his mouth." Karim and no one would please-bother him. Karim believed Dad would have died quickly.

Maybe I should have felt sorry for Karim, but at that moment I found him I let the tears. I was broken. Then, I started crying. "What if the villagers lied to us? Had they close it to make us feel better?" Or did they simply want us to listen to their story? It was then that I realized we'll never know what really happened. This was 26 years ago. Who is a martyr? There are no cedar events. The only person who knows is Dad. And he's gone.

So, in answer to their question—definitely "No." Instead, it has brought Clark Todd—both the Canadian journalist and my father—back to life. ■

The scars of the civil war in Lebanon, both physical and mental, are still apparent. The poorest people tell us hard to believe. But

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THE DEATH OF THE VCR

From DVDs to video on demand, new digital offerings are squeezing out tape

BY DEREK CHEZI

The industry began quietly. In the beginning, DVD movies occupied only a corner of your local video store. The first players on the market were mostly the domain of rich kids and moviephiles who wanted better quality picture and sound. But in peace, still, the tide began to turn. And video stores were soon knee-deep in shiny discs, lusting with even content like trailers, deleted scenes and "making-of" documentaries. With inventory of Blockbuster Canada's 367 outlets today and digital video discs have spread across more than a third of the store, putting the squeeze on their Video Home Systems—VHS, that is—until, finally, to say, the slow death of the video cassette recorder has begun.

But with VCRs—often several VCRs—in nearly every Canadian household, and boxes of videotapes cluttering basements and closets, it will be a challenge for new formats to topple the old. Nevertheless, at the digital revolution presses forward, nearly every industry it touches is being transformed. And with the emergence of personal video recorders, DVD burners and video-on-demand services, the battle over what to play back on your television will only intensify.

Just as the advent of the compact disc revolutionized the music industry, the arrival of DVD players, many of which are compatible with audio CD and MP3 formats, has breathed new life into the home entertainment industry. "It's bringing people back to the home theater," says Robert Powell, senior marketing manager for Sony of Canada Ltd. "We see them spending on advanced audio systems and better quality televisions." Ironically, he adds, sales for dedicated CD players have declined.

A wider library trend has helped fuel the growth of technologies for the living room. Even seven months later, the industry points to the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks as the extension behind people's "hanging out" habit. Survey numbers from early



Not for the first time has home entertainment format given way to another

2002 show people intend to spend more on home entertainment. That can mean anything from a flat screen TV to a Macintosh. Their gaming system, DVD players for instance, were among the hottest items that past holiday season. Price was no longer a hurdle—a low-end player now costs as little as \$180. Sales as a result, were huge. "It was mad," says Luis DeCaro, senior manager of corporate communications for Future Shop Ltd., Canada's largest chain of consumer electronics stores. "It surpassed our wildest expectation." The company's 95 outlets sold a combined 100,000 units. "Wholesalers' shipments to retailers in 2001 were 17 times those of 1998; the year players were introduced in Canada." That makes DVD the fastest-growth category in the history of electronics, says Powell.

The DVD frenzy has had a ripple effect on rentals. Last September, Dallas-based Blockbuster Inc., parent of the Canadian

chain, announced it would eliminate a quarter of its VHS-format movies to make more room for DVDs. Chuck van der Leen, president and CEO of Rogers Video (owned by Toronto-based Rogers Communications Inc.), agrees the digital format is growing quickly. "Today, 30 per cent of the retail dollar is going to DVD and 70 per cent to VHS. By the end of 2003, we expect it's going to be a 50-50 proposition." And come 2006, van der Leen predicts, some of the 363 Rogers studios across the country will be selling open movies. (Retailers will continue as long as there is a demand.)

But the VCR still has one advantage over DVD: the ability to record your favorite programs and movies at an affordable price. Today, VCRs with a decent array of features can be bought for as little as \$90 at the grocery store, while a recordable DVD player—still a new technology—will cost you upwards of \$2,500. Still, that

advantage won't last long. Eventually, the cost of any technology drops. And eventually that shelf sales place, manufacturers like the Netherlands' Royal Philips Electronics NV have announced they will soon stop selling DVD players in a space-saving combo with a built-in personal video recorder—a computer hard disk for capturing and playing back television programs. These high-capacity systems—think of them as digital VCRs—promise to revolutionize the way we watch the tube.

While dedicated personal video recorders have been available in the United States for a few years under such brands as TiVo, they were introduced to Canada just last fall by another newcomer, Bell ExpressVu. Broadcast signals are downloaded from either satellite or cable onto the PVR's hard disk. Using an onscreen menu and TV guide, viewers can select programs for recording, indexing or playback, all with a few simple clicks of the remote. Thanks to the speed of computer disk drives, the technology even allows for instant replay of live TV (you can catch up during the next commercial). No more sifting through piles of VHS tapes to find the latest episode of *24* or *Who Shot You* days you recorded earlier in the week.

But it all comes at a price. Bell's \$100 PVRs sell for \$699, which includes a built-in tuner receiver and a 40-gigabyte hard drive which can record up to 30 hours of content. "VCRs never fulfilled the promise that people originally bought them for in the Seventies," says Stuart Morris, marketing vice-president for Bell ExpressVu. "They were going to tape shows and watch them later. In an incredibly simple way, the PVR provides that promise."

Calgary-based Shaw Communications has plans to launch PVR boxes for its 440,000 digital cable subscribers this year. "I don't think it's a killer application because the boxes are not cheap," says Shaw president Peter Beacom. He and other cable houses are more excited about the potential of video on demand. Shaw is developing a service, while Rogers Cable Inc. has launched VOD on its "cable" service and will expand it much this summer.

VOD is another feature opened up by digital technology. Viewers can order movies, and eventually other types of content, with a click of the remote, something like a pay-per-view movie. But unlike pay-per-view—which means every half hour or

so, and lasts only for the run of the program—VOD is available for viewing instantly on a single channel dedicated to your household, and "rental" windows can be 24 hours or a weekend. (Not does this prevent you from hooking up your VCR through the decoder in tape the movie.) As well, VOD works like a VCR—Rogers service allows the viewer to stop, play, pause and switch forward to subscribe to sporting events, children's programming or a season's worth of their favorite programs, such as *Sex and the City* or *The Sopranos*, and watch archived and new episodes whenever and as often as they like, eliminating the need ever to tape a TV show or movie. "Viewers," he adds, "are going to get access to a range of different content, very narrow niche content, that never would have been

VCRs never fulfilled the promise that people originally bought them for in the Seventies'

the right of day is irrelevant because the economics don't work." In the U.S., where VOD has been available for the past two years, Hollywood has accounted for only about half of viewer orders.

The way VOD promises to, instead of the 50-channel universe, there'll be only a few channels, in which you choose the content. Clearly, though, there will be many new alternatives as the basis for the family room of the nation heat up. So be nice to your VCR—it probably won't be around much longer.

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Ed Hyman has been Wall Street's top-ranked economist for more than two decades. In that time he and his partner at ISI Group, Nancy Lane, have developed the Street's most comprehensive economic reporting and analysis service. They publish hundreds of charts on economies and stock markets, updating them regularly. So though it's their work that U.S. investment managers subscribe to me, "I don't really need to read any other economists except Ed."

It is the style of their analysis that makes their work, stunningly accurate, economic forecasting so noteworthy. They have been making great economic calls using two indicators—short-term interest rates across the Group of Seven industrial nations, and the price of crude oil.

What they have discovered is the lead time between changes in those two rates and changes in industrial production, real sales and real GNP—adjusted GDP. The lead times vary somewhat, but ISI's track record beats the leading灯 for different series of the economy—and different countries.

For example, their model predicts that U.S. industrial production will soar—from being down five per cent year-over-year to being up five per cent—by mid-year. For that call, they use a lag of 12 months before changes in interest rates and oil prices. In other words, it takes that long for the change in interest rates and oil to produce economic lift-off!

They believe automobile production is already at the level their model had forecast for cars—for that reason they use a lag of 12 months before interest rates, but just four months before oil prices. Their model predicts a real boom in paper products (good news for Canadian companies)—from being down six per cent to being up by five per cent—by mid-year.

Why are they so confident? Because they have been watching for two years on this project. In the early stages they published charts showing what should happen, but did their own forecasting using more conventional analysis. Now, they publish charts showing the relationship between oil, interest rates and the economy over the past two decades,

projecting what comes next based on those past data.

Lately, they've taken their work global. I just received their predictions for industrial production in Brazil and Mexico. In each case, they are calling for housing corrections later this year. For Brazil, they use a lag of 11 months behind G7 short-term rates and oil; for Mexico, just six months.

Ed and Nancy coined the phrase "The Perfect Storm" to describe the conditions that led to last year's recession—rising short-term interest rates, rising oil prices and a collapsing Nasdaq. Then they correctly predicted "The Perfect Recovery" based on the collapse in short-term rates and oil prices—and the bounce in Nasdaq. The more work they do, the less they need Nasdaq in their forecasting, which is a good thing, because Nasdaq only rarely can be what the Street calls "leading out housing." Many technology stocks have returned their slide toward oblivion, even as most other sectors—particularly basic materials—move new bull markets.

The famed Peter Lynch said, "If you spend 15 minutes a year on economics, you'll waste 10 years." That was theoretical overkill. What he was stressing was the tendency of some investors to read fervor in economies—and then end up confused by the contradictions. (It was George Bernard Shaw who observed that if you laid all the world's economists end to end, they still wouldn't reach a conclusion.)

"What Ed and Nancy are predicting these days is a challenge to the economics profession. If their computer-driven forecasts continue to work out, based on past interest rates and oil, then technology will indeed have achieved a prodigious breakthrough. We won't need economists—or even dentists—of economists to tell us what's coming up. This would be the equivalent of Moore's Law applied to economics. (Moore's Law, recall, says that computer processing power will double in roughly 18 months.)

I only feel early for anyone to make this kind of forecast. I only feel it hard to believe that economics can be made redundant by technology. Besides, some of my best friends are economists.

ISI's model says the economy will stay strong until at least summer. But oil prices were to rise—or even stay where they are now—and central bankers boosted interest rates sharply, 2002 would be a rough year for the global economy. The automated economic forecaster says so.

Who needs all that data? A top U.S. firm figures just two numbers will show where the economy is headed.

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Health



Sick and so very tired

Sufferers of chronic fatigue syndrome battle disabilities and misunderstanding

BY BARTLE BAWALESHRA

Ashley Bell's mother is educate; she have her name in the photo. She's wanted that answer; a question will take too much out of the 19-year-old, but Ashley says she's looking up to it. Because of chronic fatigue syndrome, Bell is slumped

prostrate in her home in Burnaby, B.C. She endures mind-boggling fatigue that confines her to a wheelchair on the most occasions she gets out. Like some other CFS patients, Bell developed chemical sensitivities, in her case severe ones. Fragrance-free hair spray, shampoo, conditioner, deodorant, laundry detergent, hand cream—all

can trigger her asthma, migraines or nausea. Visitors have to abstain from washing their hair for at least two days before dropping by CFS hot spots eight years ago, when she was a bubbly straight-A 13-year-old who played on the school basketball team, toured with a performing dance troupe and liked to swim and do general

Health

ries. "I closed my life before that happened," she says sadly. "Now, I can't do anything."

Chronic fatigue syndrome comes with a list of triggers, in fact of suspended and elusive causes and triggers seems as long to the budding catalogue of symptoms which afflict people. Frustration among patients, friends and family is often compounded by the significant proportion of physicians who take the attitude that much of what off the patients is in their heads. CFS advocates are pleased that dismissive approach appears to be diminishing among doctors, but they will see it as a big price of their problem.

Despite attracting widespread attention, in the last 10 years the syndrome remains below most people's radar today. CFS patients still have trouble getting others to accept that they're not just tired. The name alone may discourage some people with no first-hand experience of the condition from taking it seriously. "Chronic fatigue syndrome is a horrible name because it's so demeaning," says Dr. Alison Beaman, who sees hundreds of severely disabled patients in her Toronto office. "Everybody says, 'Oh, I'm tired too.' The subjective nature of many of the symptoms and the absence of a definitive test only add to the confusion." Treatment is limited to trying to alleviate the various symptoms as they arise. Most people can hope to regain only one fraction of their former capabilities; full recovery is more rare. For so far, at least, there's nothing to suggest CFS is contagious.

Women it appears are two to four times as likely as men to suffer from CFS, but why that is remains unknown. The same best available are evidence of an enormous medical problem. Studies suggest that at least 500,000 people suffer from CFS in North America—possibly many more. The condition does not appear to be fatal, nor is it always debilitating. But it has undoubtedly derailed the lives of hundreds of thousands of women and men in North America and Europe (in incidence in developing countries may be under-reported).

CFS can affect all age groups from any race or socio-economic background. It appears to carpet bomb the body's immune, nervous and endocrine systems. The all-out assault can produce a broad range of symptoms: aching muscles and joints, recurrent sore throat, swollen



Lewis says it took 'a determined act of will' to regain his energy after a bout of CFS

lymph glands, difficulty concentrating, poor memory, feverish feelings, headache, low blood pressure, irregular bowel, environmental sensitivities including hypersensitivity to sound and light, loss of appetite, muscle spasms, sleep disturbances, reactive depression, to being chronically ill, and—last but certainly not least—mental and physical exhaustion so profound it can confine people to bed for months, even years.

The mystery of people with CFS also has fibromyalgia, a painful disorder characterized by muscle tenderness and stiffness throughout the body.

Even the diagnosis of CFS is far from straightforward. It is ruled by exclusion—eliminating what the patient doesn't have.

In essence, it's what's left after physician rules other debilitating conditions from the list of possible causes (page 43). Dr. Bruce Carruthers, a specialist in internal medicine now semi-retired on B.C.'s Galiano Island, has treated 1,500 CFS patients. "It's been called an orphaned disease," he says, echoing the frustration of many who feel CFS doesn't get the recognition and understanding it deserves.

Bored, however, was delighted to see almost 400 physicians and scientists at the American Association for Chronic Fatigue Syndrome's most recent international conference in Seattle. Various audio conferences are attended before that in Europe drew just one or two dozen. And while a definitive explanation for how CFS works as havoc remains elusive, a Belgian researcher thinks he's found an answer. The

week is just beginning, says Bored. "It's like AIDS was 20 years ago. We're just scratching the surface."

STEPHEN LEWIS, 64

United Nations special envoy

To many, the name Stephen Lewis is synonymous with an abundance of energy. Lewis is a former Canadian ambassador to the United Nations and a one-time leader of the Ontario NDP. Today, he jets to Africa monthly as UN special envoy for HIV/AIDS. But for a year starting in 1991, it was another story. "It was so bizarre, it's hard to phrase it," Lewis tells Maclean's. "I was simply clobbered. I was sick." At the height of the syndrome's crushing grip, his only respite was napping. "There wasn't one," Lewis can now say with a chuckle. "The resource was largely to move from inertia to unproductivity." There was nothing funny about it at the time. "I couldn't stand it," he says. "To be so completely immobilized with the rates of degenerating period of my adult life."

A number of CFS patients experience the syndrome's onset after some sort of physical trauma. An air accident did it. Lewis believes his malaise began in late 1990, when he was giving a luncheon speech in Montreal. The room was dimly lit during his oral presentation when he slipped off the stage and broke his hip. Lewis was up on crutches soon afterward, giving more speeches, always pushing hard. That lasted about six months—then it all came to a crashing halt. Suddenly exhausted, he had to cancel

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The cover of Chatelaine magazine features a woman with long brown hair wearing a straw hat and a blue cardigan over a white top, smiling and holding a bunch of yellow flowers. The title "chatelaine" is at the top in large letters, with "MAY 2010" above it. To the right, a vertical column lists "MAKE-AHEAD MENUS", "Mother's Day brunch", "Roast beef dinner", and "Easy pasta". On the left, text reads "100 best home and style buys under \$100", "SIMPLIFY YOUR LIFE! 19 expert tips", "HAIR SALON ETIQUETTE: All your questions answered", and "gardens! 22-page guide". A small red flower is visible in the bottom left corner.

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Health

all engagements for the next year. For some of that time he couldn't even get out of bed. He remembers his frustration at barely being able to drag himself to the bathroom. "When I look back on it," says Lewis, "I think, God, it's just unbelievable that I should have gone through a period where I feel so completely overwhelmed."

His prognosis was bleak. "The doctor told me you'll never get back to horses 75 per cent of what you were," he recalls. But he did, thanks to what he refers to as "a determined act of will." Today he considers himself fully recovered, and lucky to be so. Lewis is well aware there are physicians who feel CHS is, at best, an "a psychological or emotional

DIAGNOSING CFS

The term **disability** (legally synonymous with **impairment**) applies to:

- an impairment, persistent or temporary, which is not the result of ongoing exertion, is not substantially lessened by rest, and significantly interferes with a person's previous levels of activity.

It is diagnosed only when those conditions exist alongside at least four of the following symptoms for at least six months (or three months for children):

- substernal / impairment in short-term memory or concentration;
 - 吞咽痛;
 - tender lymph nodes in the neck, axilla, or inguinal;
 - muscle pain;
 - joint pain without swelling or tenderness;
 - breakdown of a new type, patterned or severe, ulcerating skin;
 - overwhelming sleepiness;
 - malaise that lasts more than 24 hours after fever.

Unexplained chronic fatigue cannot be diagnosed if any of the following conditions apply to the patient:

- drug-specific and non-drug-specific side effects
 - from medication, a previously diagnosed but possibly untreated medical condition [such as malignancies or hepatitis B or C] that could account for fatigue, a major depressive disorder, schizophrenia, dementia or a serious eating disorder
 - absent or other tolerance above; submaximal activity of the thyroid gland (hypothyroidism).

problem masquerading as a physical problem." His response: "On balance, I'm inclined to think those doctors who think that are far too glib in their clinical assessments. I just read too much, talked to too many people, and experienced it myself. I have real feelings for people who struggle with that. I don't have a lot of sympathy for people who denigrate it."

GFS has probably been around a long time. Over the past three centuries, were handbooks of symptoms have been very similar to fibromyalgia. Dr Cawse syndromes and neurofibromatosis. More recently, the names have included chronic Epstein-Barr virus disease and, as fibrosis, myalgic-encephalomyopathy. A U.S. researcher gave out current name in 1988, but the media preferred to call it "yuppie flu" because of a widespread misconception that it only struck the young, educated and affluent.

In more than education. Doctor say that about 20 per cent of patients visiting their office complain of being tired. 20 to diagnosed with CFS, however, a patient must show in addition to inexplicable fatigue, a list of other specific symptoms for at least six months (three months for children). As far as what triggers the syndrome, one line of thinking points the finger at any of several viruses including Epstein-Barr, which causes mononucleosis, and herpes simplex 1 and 2. Also under investigation—though less plausible—is Lyme disease and the tick-borne bacteria. Some researchers think an infection triggers an exaggerated immune system response, leading to the cascade of symptoms. At this point, scientists are leaning toward the notion that a genetic predisposition, external triggers and an overactive immune system response.

Complicating matters is the fact that fatigue is often a symptom in psychiatric disorders. Doctors' guidelines for dealing with chronic fatigue syndrome generally call for careful patient screening for psychological problems. Moreover, the Quebec guidelines also say leaving work can be a bad idea—a notion that other CPS experts contest. Placing the emphasis on the mind rather than the body troubles Dr. Joao Marques, director of the Hospital's Multiple Sclerosis Research Unit in Halifax and past president of the Canadian Neurological Society. "If people

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Robert's C++ Class Program uses different names and addresses in spirit from his logic to his update class function above. In C++, you can use pointer to variable to hold the memory location in the memory. In the `update` class function, `C` is passed to the `C++` program, may also make use of some other variables available in `C`. But `C++` does not have any pointer to its own variable. It can only point to a variable in another class (high-level program). If you want to pass `C` to `C++`, it must pass `C` as a reference, see `ref` below.

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MEDIA**





Once an energetic high-school teacher, Van Gijn was bedridden for two years

don't have hard evidence in front of them—an X-ray that's abnormal, a blood test that shows the problem—there is a tendency for people to think the problem is psychological," says Marisol Hode, a Montreal psychologist who sits on the task force that drew them up for Quebec physicians. Hode, who counsels patients with severe CFS, says that just how "real" symptoms may be can depend on what patients make of them. An ill-prepared student who wakes up with stomach pains the morning of a crucial final exam, for instance, is inclined to give in to the symptoms to put off writing the test. "You will not accept that bellyache in the same way," says Hode. "If you are two hours from going out with the girl of your dreams, right?"

"HENRY"

Former corporate lawyer

Bellyaching has nothing to do with chronic fatigue syndrome, says Jeff, a Toronto lawyer who has not been able to work in almost five years. Jeff, a private, quiet man who asked that his real name not be used, vividly recalls the last Saturday in April, 1996. He was at a dinner party when he felt a tingling around his head and turned bright red. He splashed cold water on his face to keep from passing out. The next morning Jeff had severe laryngitis and felt absolute exhaustion. He has never fully recovered. Today, he can gather himself together for a few hours, long enough to get out a car, but he usually feels so weak he has to shave and brush his teeth. He has trouble sleeping, walking and reading and experiences stomach problems. "You end up losing

complete faith in your body," Jeff says. "You really don't trust it."

His cognitive decline seems to bother him most. After the initial onset, Jeff tried barking through the syndrome, returning to work for about six months before his employer suggested taking time off. "Things that would have taken me 15 minutes were suddenly taking two and three hours," he says. A mind that "used to work like a high-speed computer suddenly became a card file." For three days, his insurance company put him through a battery of psychological tests before concluding he wasn't depressed. His once robust doctor who suggests CFS might be all in his head. "Usually," says Jeff, "it's a neurologist who sees me for five minutes." And it upsets him. "You know that as soon as they've tested that, they're no longer looking seriously. They've come to the conclusion that

Health

because it's something that doesn't fit in their categories, it must be in your mind."

If you have CFS, should you rest? Or should you exercise to build up your energy? It depends on whom you ask. In Quebec, the emphasis is on staying employed and working out. "The bottom's a class," says Hode. After the initial, flulike crisis, "rest is useless," Hode says, and when they hear that Board counsels her patients to Tuckos to rest and pace themselves to avoid housing back and forth between being too active when they feel good, and crashing and being tired to the point of a result.

Some patients turn to accidate medications like Hamilton-based Alan Logan. Try avoiding wheat and dairy products for a couple of weeks, Logan tells them. This might alleviate some of the discomfort many may have because of irritable bowel. Many CFS patients complain food additives such as monosodium glutamate (MSG) and the artificial sweetener aspartame aggravate their symptoms, so avoid them, says Logan. Probiotics—bacteria that flourish after the intestinal tract has been "the gut—eaten too many fruits and vegetables, particularly berries, which are high in antioxidants that protect cells and DNA from damage. But he cautions, he says, not to believe everything you hear. "Chronic fatigue syndrome is like the weight-loss industry," Logan warns. "These patients are desperate to be well, and they will spend their last nickel on a miracle supplement."

DOREEN VAN GJIN, 46

Former high-school teacher

It started as a vacation with the kids, aged 2, 6 and 11. Doreen Van Gijn and her husband, both high-school teachers, were living in Pictou, Nova Scotia, during their Christmas break in 1991. Van Gijn came down with what she thought was the flu. She recovered, but after two non-discriminating bouts over the next 10 months she was bedridden for two years. Since then, Van Gijn has been unable to work. Over an 18-month cycle, she now relies on her three-wheeled, motorized scooter for anything more than a short walk outside. "My colleagues remember me running through the halls,"

says Van Gijn. "It was shocking for them to hear that it was difficult for me to climb stairs now."

Van Gijn feels that what she refers to as her angelic megalomania has isolated her from a career, her ability to care for her children—just about every aspect of normal life. With one broadsheet ticked off, the family came close to losing their home. After four years of providing benefits under Van Gijn's long-term disability plan, the insurance company stopped paying. "On the basis of my doctor's statement, they assessed my benefits," says Van Gijn. "I had to hire a lawyer." It took two years to get the benefits reinstated. "This," Van Gijn says, "is not an uncommon story."

In Belgium, Dr. Koenig De Meirlier and his colleagues have published several papers in peer-reviewed journals, though some were remains unpublished. He is working in an area of CFS research where there seems to be a widespread interest: the immune system. De Meirlier postulates that CFS begins when a virus invades the body, prompting the immune system to launch a defense. Part of that response is to activate an enzyme called RNase L that chews up viral invaders. Once the virus is eradicated, RNase L activity should decline. But in patients who develop CFS, he says, it remains high, causing as damage to proteins to cell-membrane proteins, affecting pain receptors, the muscular lining and the blood-brain barrier that keeps harmful chemicals away from our grey matter. "We now have a complete understanding of the biology of CFS," De Meirlier tells *Maclean's*.

Not so fast, cautions Murray in Halifax. Sure, RNase L sounds like a plausible explanation, he says, "but it is in fact just a theory." In 1986, 15 years since infection was first suggested as a possible trigger in multiple sclerosis, and it remains the one mechanism most researchers suspect, yet no one has been able to prove it. "Proof of the origins of CFS may come swiftly with luck—or it could take much longer than most patients live. Until then, they are left with a bundle full of theories that have the energy to wage."

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BY ANN DOWSETT-JOHNSON

I remember that day last summer when Carol Shields returned home to Winnipeg, a shivering evening in early July. But by late afternoon, the heat was beginning to take its toll, and it would be some time before the city's crepey elms would work their evening magic, casting shadows down the boulevard. For that reason, her daughter Catherine was working overtime, struggling through the one-flow crowd at the walk-on-the-dot party with bottles of chilled wine and pitchers of lemonade. In a few minutes, the impressive group of writers, academics and assorted local lions, happily soothed into

"I got this book off on the wrong foot," Shields explained in her soft, articulate voice, "writing about human racism because I had all this information. But it was just making me mad. I had to pack the book away with jeweller's tweezers—which always breaks your heart a bit. But now it feels like I'm soaring."

And her friend said, surely he must be leaving the room as well? "Actually," he continued, "The less it's like a bush after once cut when we have a large patch of fog. The sides where we've headed, but we're not making good time." "You must know whether you're close," said Shields, beaming; her generosity, unapologetic and amiable, has given her a legend.

"Oh come, there are no rules. As John Mot-

writing this novel than with others. Carol makes one serious, and inside. There had time to pay attention to certain questions that have been bugging for years. And since it is probably my last novel, I feel like I'm better."

Bruised about what? "Well, feminist rage, certainly it's going to take a longer than anyone in the 1970s ever thought for women to become fully human, in all that that implies. The census thing is not day to day, we forget because the air that we breathe is full of the oppression we have come to accept. Otherwise, we would be in a rage all the time, and no one can afford that. We have become accustomed to this level of oxygen and we feel easy

HER TIME TO ROAR

In what she says may be her last novel, Carol Shields tackles feminist rage

Catharine Howison Rawlin Wright, would be raising their beaded glasses in a toast to the 60-year-old novelist, newly bestowed with the Order of Manitoba. Without a doubt, an honour less illustrious than Shields' Pulitzer or Orange Prize, her Governor General's Literary Award or her National Book Critics Circle Award, but deeply meaningful nonetheless, a tribute to her many accomplishments in the city where she spent two decades, the creative bridgekeeper of such novels as *The Republic of Love*, *The State Dinner* and *Larry's Party*.

Since her breast cancer diagnosis in 1998, and a move to Victoria in 2000, these visits have become rarer, and increasingly precious. Which explains why, as Dan, her husband of 45 years, circulated through the rooms, Carol sat near the open door to the parlour, fine glass of chardonnay in hand, sharing thoughts about writing with other writers. Coddling a friend based in her own, Shields confided that yet, her new novel was going very well. Alex, a somewhat rocky star, and being waylaid by monsoons in the spring, was making the most of those good days. Yes, she was certain she was now over the rough spot of the book, and the end was in sight.

Deader or sadder when someone asked, "How long you play?" Oh, about so long as a piece of string. But sure the same applies to novels?

Days later, she was happily ensconced back in Victoria, cooking rice for a dinner party one of the first social events she and Dan had been able to organise after a difficult spring—"just seven people, the perfect number." Not sure, the number increased to the closing feast in *Larry's Party*. "Seven is perfect, small enough for one conversation instead of two—and being an odd number, you can include the un-coupled."

Clearly, Shields was in her element. As a practitioner of English, she used to ask her students to answer the following: "You decide the mood—yes or no?" Without fail, they always answered "Yes." "I thought someone might have come out in favour of costume as a writing form," said Shields, passing to eat the rice. This was a good spell: each day, she was logging 650 words in the late坐着sofa overlooking the garden. "I do it with the greatest enthusiasm and enthusiasm," said Shields. "In fact, I have leaving that little room right now. I feel more at ease with

enough with it to make minor changes. But in fact, the air is very good for us." She paused. "I think if you were to point and say them if they were interested in the lives of women, especially you would get them to do the well and they would say no, not really. Men aren't interested in the lives of women, in how their synapses connect. Whereas we're interested in the lives of men. Women carry this mixture of deivation, and live with it—and our rage—until something happens to ignite it."

New writing here: Shields' highly anticipated 10th novel, *Dielein*, has just hit the bookstores. Yes, in relative terms, a short piece of string—and without question, her most powerful novel to date. Certainly, her most overtly feminist, at once witty and acerbic, deeply intelligent and profoundly tender. And impassioned, however—particularly in its exploration of what George Eliot once called "that sad silence on the other side of silence."

At 43, *Rosa Wimmin* is a warden with many blessings: three kindly manage daughters; a fulfilling, sheltering relationship with them; their father; decent income both as a novelist and as a member of

Profile

Danielle Wiesnerau, a French intellectual and feminist, and a rich circle of female friends. In other words, a woman associated in the "softest memory of happiness" with her elder daughter, North, disappears, ending up mute and hinging on a forearm street corner, with a cardboard sign reading "GOODNESS" on her chest. A bright university student, alone, suddenly in her sense of responsibility, North finds through the circle of reality, and it is there that nothing can bring her back.

"Happiness is the lucky pine of glory you carry in your head," says Reta. "It takes all your evening just to bring some in, and once at another you have to move into a different sort of life." And so, much in grief, Reta moves into that different life, trying to understand what has broken North and rendered her silent. In her attempt to penetrate that mystery, Reta begins to project her own inner life onto the screen

between their reintegration of women and North's "project of self-extinction." Reta changes our writer with, asking his female reader serve "an apprenticeship to self-destruction" by identifying the long "bewitching lie of literary big cat"—John Updike, Tora Wolf, et al—and failing to mention a single female author.

And in telling the tale of self-destruction, Shelds demonstrates it is knowing humans. Take the story of Gossia, a woman so anxious to satisfy her infatuated husband, who had complained in one sour moment that her novel "smelled like it," that she had a phobia: stopping close to him, her nose less stony and the essence of her "present state" of connection to her mother, Gossia is looking into novel inconstancy.

When Reta returns to the continuing comfort of writing her own parallel novel, the reader finds Shelds' own joy in the process. "This narrative, the meandering of an intrepid world through the tub of a pen, it makes so much I can't say—

light, into an alternate plane where the interior voice of an intelligent woman is heard, strong, tender and clear."

Ask Carol Shields whether she believes, as Joan Didion once said, that the first sentence of a book determines what follows afterwards, and the pause to consider "Not really the first sentence," says Shelds. "But I have an almost mythic belief in the second sentence, the one which questions, or specifies the first." Consider, then, the first two sentences of *Under*: "It happens that I am going through a period of great unhappiness and loss just now. After my life. The head people speak of finding themselves, in acute pain, bankrupt in spirit and body, but I've never understood what they mean."

Given it is the third Shelds dropped in writing the novel, one she replaced with the encouragement of North. From her home in Victoria, where she is once again undergoing chemotherapy, Shelds spoke

Under out of "sheer obstinacy" because there are few books about happy marriages. "I wanted to be a bitous token for granted, as I think lucky people in happy marriages do take such offer for granted."

So, how do you account this disconnect if you have men you love? "At first I thought, 'I can't take this anger on.' But then I thought, 'Yes I can.' Recalling Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, first published in 1929, with "a tremendous consolation, it is so fresh and contemporary, and she is brilliant at pointing out the great capacities I find it hard to understand why it didn't prompt a whole wave of change. But the truth is, women haven't come far enough, not nearly far enough. Look at the front page of the newspaper: are there absolutely women are shut out. Look at Parliament! we are not seriously living ground. Sometimes I wonder can I the only one here-owning?" But over you start paying attention, you see that we haven't sorted out men and women. It's the biggest problem in the world, and it may take longer to fix than anyone ever thought. Everyone's sick of it, and women are dismissed by their image as agitators. With that book, I felt I could get rid of some of the socialities of grievances."

And at 66, she is more than aware that her book will provoke anger. "It will outrage people because of the born-coating." She remains unfazed. "Persistence is the answer. After a certain age you're allowed to say things. It's one of the very few good things about getting older."

Routinely, Shields asked her mother why she hadn't introduced her to Woolf's book earlier. "I suppose I forgot to pass on some of those things," says Shelds. "But mothers don't just give reading lists to kids. They have to share them with their own love what they can do." And above that, she has, to what she calls her "encyclopedia of life." Based in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, Shields met her future husband, a Canadian grad student in engineering, while studying at Exeter University in England. After marrying Den in '72, she was soon knee-deep in the busy work of mothering young children, a son and four daughters. But early on, she began crafting moments to write. She was, as she has said, "the mother who typed," starting with poetry just shy of 30.

She was a CBC-sponsored young poet competition. At 40, she published her first novel. Since then, her work has captured just about every award imaginable, and a devoted international following.

What is it a relief for Shields to sit in Ren's voice, after Larry Waller in *Larry Party*? "Oh yes," she says. "It's hard to do that in silence. Even though Ren is quite a bit younger, the age jump is easier than the gender jump." And as wonder: This is a woman who has cuffed two-hour lunches with other women a load of "necessary music" in her life. "The more words we used in the sit, the closer we felt to the taste of our own lives." One of the great pleasures of interviewing Carol Shields is her curiosity. Ask her a question and she asks you one back. "What is life being a woman in your office? Why do men stay and leave?" Generous questions, with her eyes focused straight at you, eyes raised raised instantly. Ask her a question, and you're struck by the time she takes to consider her answer.

How is she feeling? "I have been in failing health, as they say at Jairus Adams, but I've been lucky that many knew from the beginning that this cancer was bad news, and I've had time I didn't expect. For the moment I'm enjoying the sunshine and just being here."

Does she believe in God? "No. Human goodness is the only thing I believe in. We hear so much about evil from George Bush, but I don't believe that good and evil are the opposites of each other. That's a very old-fashioned paradigm that we were hoodwinked I think that evil is the occasional breakdown of goodness, a very occasional response. To me, it means understanding that people are as good as they are, about the surprising things. What I think of the aid workers in Afghanistan, why would they do it? They're not going to achieve any fame or recognition. Why would people send anonymous donations for flood victims? I have felt diminished with the goodness of other people in the last few years, so much exceptional goodness flowing toward me in my illness, and it has kept me alive. Long letters from strangers, why would they bother? It's a lot of work to write a letter. But I do feel the sense of goodness is part of our human conversation—the bigger part of it."



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'Cancer makes one serious, and awake. I've had time for questions that have been hovering for years.'

of her 19-year-old daughter. What are you going to bring against the narrative of female depression? "Our writer is out for, that's the thinking." Well, as we've arrived at the new millennium and we haven't arrived at all. "We've been sent over to the side pocket of the smaller table and been made to disappear." In her series, West assumes that North "half knows the big female secret of wanting and not getting" and suspects that for her there is "goodness but not goodness."

With her anger ignited, West becomes especially alert to women's inability to name and note what they want in this world, how in their goodness and their acceptance they are rendered invisible. "We're not out at our issues... We're too lost, too willing—too unwilling too—stuck our blind eye with a grasping hand but not knowing how to ask for what we don't even know we want."

Both Reta's grief and her anger, however articulate, are expressed silently, in inner monologues, or anonymously. "My heart is broken," she writes on a chalkboard in a public washroom. In a series of brilliantly acidic "heart cracking" letters—albeit unsigned—to a number of authors and members of the media, she conveys the dis-

screetly of making the shift: "As a writer of fiction, you have to find a way of imagining your strongest feelings. It's the necessary transformation, or otherwise you'd be writing memoir. But there is always an arm and a leg of you in there." She pauses. "I would never dream that this book would a moving sideshow of that shock, a shock that the glass can be broken. And yet I don't know why one would be shocked. Everyone's in it, and women are dismissed by their image as agitators. With that book, I felt I could rid myself of some of the socialities of grievances."

In that vein, Shields has ridden high on the best-seller lists, with both a biography of June Aster and *Dropped Threads: What Are You Told*, an anthology of women's maps co-edited with her friend Marjorie Anderson. And in writing *Under*, she has had time to pay attention to those questions that have been hovering for years. Above all, says Shields, the primary question has been: "How do you acknowledge the past if you have men and have men you love?" A profound question from a woman who calls her marriage to Don Shields her "great good luck," who was determined to portray a happy marriage in



See the man with the stage fright

For actors, stage fright can be a great motivator, but also a real nightmare. So Tom McCrory was reminded at last summer's Edinburgh Festival. The Canadian was about to perform *Nemesis*, Italian playwright Alessandro Baricco's ramblingabout a genius piano player. The director of the piece, Quebec filmmaker François Girard (*The Snow Queen*, *Filles About Colors*, *The Red Violin*), had decided to have McCrory sit motionless on stage as the audience came in. For about 20 minutes the solo held his pose on a packing crate, watching the theatre fill. The longer he sat, the more he believed the show—making its English-language world premiere—would flop. recalls McCrory. "I kept thinking, 'No one's going to want to sit in a hall and listen to me tell a story for two hours and a half. It's simply not going to work!'" I was petrified." A few people did well, but those who

stayed, stayed to cheer, and Nemesis became one of the high points of the Edinburgh event. This month Canadians will get a chance to see the show at the World Stage festival (April 5-May 4) at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre, where it takes up place among several international hits, including a groundbreaking Hawker from Lithuania and two intense domestic dramatics performed by British Royal Court Theatre. For McCrory, 44, the appearance is another highlight in an expansive career. The most widely known is Mason Eckert in the Global arena *Mister X* ("He's pure evil," McCrory chuckles). He's also starred in several films, including Robert Lepage's *Possible Worlds*, with Tilda Swinton.

But most of McCrory's memorable roles have been on stage, where he's shown great versatility, with a special penchant for portraying scoundrels and villains. At

John Barrow

Ottawa's Stratford Festival, where he's returned for the 50th season, he'll play the title role in *Shakespeare's Richard III*, as well as the gangster Macbeth in *Barnet Bouch and Kate Wedd's The Thompson Operas*. Taking a break from rehearsals, the slim, wide-shouldered actor slouches in a chair in a deserted meeting room. There's something uncannily intense about McCrory's gaze; the dark eyes capable of love-like moments, but also of vulnerable melancholy. And then there's the voice: dark and penetrating, it sounds like it could cut steel.

McCrory acknowledges that assuming *Nemesis* at the same time that he's learning his Stratford roles is a major stretch. He's trying to find time to refresh the monologue, which he hasn't spoken for half a year. Yet he finds the extra work invigorating. Dealing with the intense complexities of Shakespeare can leave the actor feeling quite dejected about his abilities. "But when I start in on *Nemesis*, the lines come so quickly and so beautifully that I think, 'Oka, I can act after all!'"

In the show, McCrory impersonates a trumpet player, Tom Tosney, who reminisces about the strange life of his best friend, Noosey—an orphan raised by the crew of an ocean liner early in the last century. Noosey turns out to be a key-boy prodigy who, in one scene, vanquishes an old-timer challenger to just great Jolly Bill Moorea. The audience doesn't see any of this—except in imagination. The piece requires old-fashioned storytelling skills, and is made even more difficult technically by Girard's insistence that McCrory hardly move from his cradle.

Grand was busy trying to get more project off the ground, but he had little time to rehearse *Nemesis*. McCrory had to walk up the path alone, in the barn at the ocean liner house he shares with his wife, actress Chick Reid. Late, there were a few man-thrills in Morocco, where Grand was working, and some last-minute bouding up in Edinburgh. All the same, McCrory didn't feel ready for *Nemesis's* launch. Then, he sat in his car, waiting to begin his performance, he saw his partner walk in. John and Betty McCrory had flown over from their hometown of London, Ont. Their presence helped calm him down. "I thought, 'Oh, she/he's here! I guess I'm gonna be all right!'"

John Barrow



FILM: BRIAN D. JOHNSON

An Arctic masterpiece

Atanarjuat isn't just a Canadian triumph, but a landmark for world cinema

THE FIRST TIME I SAW *Atanarjuat*—The Fast Runner—was at the Cannes Film Festival. I was tired and jet-lagged, and the last thing I felt like doing was sitting still for a 175-minute masterpiece. How good could it be? There was also something incongruous about leaving the sun and palms of the Riviera to spend the afternoon in the Canadian Arctic. And as I watched strange characters perform their arduous aquaculture through the snow, I was impatient at first, afraid that boreholes might overtake me as incurably as frostbite. But even before the story set in hooks, even before the icon and the model—and the astonishing spectacle of a naked man with bleeding feet being chased across miles of ice—*Atanarjuat* was an mesmerizing spell.

This movie doesn't just transport you to another world, it creates its own sense of time and space. It depicts figures against stark horizons with a profound beauty seen nowhere in *L'Assommoir* or *Aostrye*. By turns visceral and tender, harsh and surreal, *Atanarjuat* combines the raw fire of Greek tragedy with the intimacy of candle-light. And though shot on digital video, in wide-screen vision of Arctic light and icy clarity.

After visiting the Cinema du Monde for her fine feature, *Atanarjuat* went on to win six Grec awards, including best picture and best director for Zachariah Kadjus. But this is not just a triumph for Canadian film. At the first cross-die in the Inuit language, and the most ambitious ever produced by an aboriginal people, *Atanarjuat* is a landmark for world cinema.

It was filmed in Igloolik, a small island in the north Baffin region of the Arctic, with a population of 1,200 and archaeological evidence of 4,000 years of continuous habitation. The story is based on an Inuit



Uqalugaq (left) and Pakash Iassuktuk play the Fast Runner and the Strong One

legend from the dawn of the First millennium, a tale of bad blood passed down through generations. Over the years, a camp leader named Saan beat down his old rival, Tialowiq, who has two sons—Atanarjuat, the Strong One, and Atanarjuat, the Fast Runner. The brothers grow up to be the camp's best hunters, sharing the position of the leader's son, the illiterate Oka. When the Fast Runner wins over Oka's promised bride-to-be, Atanarjuat conspires to murder the bride.

Among *Atanarjuat's* eight Grec nominations, some were for acting—perhaps because the actors are unfamiliar faces with odd names, or because the Academy assumed they weren't acting, but playing themselves like subjects in a documentary. In fact, the cast is a mix of trained actors and savants. The untrained ones, they've brought to life in a sense from the oral tradition they now inhabit as the dogged folk of the snowshoe. And for the movie part, their acting is as natural as it gets.

In the lead role, Natasia Kavallines—a measured actor, filmmaker and well-known sculptor—creates a warm portrait of a shy, sensitive hero who learns to honor his

ancestors. As the grasping and vindictive Oka, Peter Henry Arnassing is equally effective, although he's a full-time hunter with no acting experience. In his film debut, Sylvie Fournier, a government secretary, conveys a quiet grace in Atanarjuat, the woman who comes between them.

The movie's sexual politics are jolting. A skin-scraping natural Papa (Lucy Taliyalayal) winds his way in the polygamous Oka's second wife. But you can expect arctic legend to be politically tame. This is a primal world of submission under brutal dominance. A man says, "I'll walk you," dipping his hand beneath a woman's wrist for Whistlers in an igloo usually had each other around by the sole of the mitten. But the filmmakers have insisted that ancestors and culture with documentary authenticity. Screenwriter Paul Agius Argiling, who died of cancer in 1996, based the script on oral versions of the legend from eight elders. And the crew retained traditional skills to fabricate props and costumes from bone, wood, rope and hides. Wearing high-drama-for-the-senses of the documentary tradition, *Atanarjuat* is a new kind of Canadian movie, wild and exhilarating.

MARION L. APRIL 13, 2002 89



Will Red Green fly on the big screen?

"Will it be tape?" It was the obvious-and-only question to ask Steve Smith, a.k.a. Red Green. But that's like asking Plato "Why dialogue?" or Gandy "Why plow?" For Smith, that tape is the consecutive cause of the common man. "It's cheap. It lasts for a little while, but not too long—for men of my age, a regular job that survives you is just another reminder of your mortality. The whole industry turns on it. A lot more of the medical profession than you'd want to know uses it. High-end models use it. It's a huge cheapass source." Smith pulls off the one-liner like, well... you know. But when asked why he made the sticky stuff his go-to shank, he offers a straightforward answer: "I believe in positioning. These aren't many products that are funny on their own. In my search to position Red Green, I decided he was the human form of duct tape."

As the pool-hawk of *Possum Lodge* on CBC's *The Red Green Show*, Smith has parlayed his unique brand of television folk art into a small empire. The show, which is in

do-it-yourself operation S&S Productions, which he runs with his brother David, produced the \$3.5-million movie. And it's heading to the U.S. distribution, releasing the film in *Red Green's top 40 PBS markets*—preserved by the local stations.

Smith expects his fans to support the movie. Beyond that, he says, "it's a cash-flow." Recently another Cineplex TV star, Paul Gross, visited the big screen and found an audience for *Alvin and the Chipmunks*, another goofy Canadian comedy about an unusually fierce topic: competing. But *Duct Tape* doesn't have the pretense or massive production of *Alvin*, and its charm depends on an unobtrusively lame sense of humor. Smith is sanguine: "If I don't get my money back, it's not going to kill me." Meanwhile, he's promoting a book of humor columns, *Duct Tape Is Not Enough*. And in Hamilton—where he owns a Georgian residence, writes as a house-brewed poet and is addicted to golf—he's found a piece of paradise light years from Possum Lodge.

By Brian D. Johnson

Best-Sellers

Fiction

	2001 Sales
1. <i>THE HUNTING</i> , Ian McEwan (200)	1
2. <i>CRIME AND PUNISHMENT</i> , Fyodor Dostoevsky (20)	2
3. <i>THE PIANO</i> , Kate Winslet (20)	3
4. <i>SHANE WESTON</i> , Armandino (2)	4
5. <i>THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD</i> , John le Carré (20)	7
6. <i>THE PINK ENVELOPE</i> , Debra Goldstein (20)	10
7. <i>SOUTHERN EXPOSURE</i> , Anna Quindlen (2)	12
8. <i>SHANE WESTON</i> , Fyodor Dostoevsky (20)	13
9. <i>UP STAIRS</i> , Martin Amis (2)	14
10. <i>THE EMERALD</i> , Joanne Harris (20)	15

Nonfiction

1. <i>SO YOU WANT TO BE A Novelist</i> , John Gardner (2)	1
2. <i>WHAT'S NEW IN FINANCE</i> , David Stockman and Jerry Brown (2)	2
3. <i>WHAT'S NEW IN FINANCE</i> , David Stockman and Jerry Brown (2)	3
4. <i>REGULATING THE SOCIETY</i> , Margaret Atwood (2)	4
5. <i>MANAGERS MANAGERS</i> , Tim Draper (2)	5
6. <i>GOLF WORKBOOK</i> (2)	6
7. <i>WOLF WORKERS</i> , Holly Johnson (2)	7
8. <i>AN EASY DRUG GUIDE</i> , Alan Casson (2)	8
9. <i>WHAT'S NEW IN FINANCE</i> , David Stockman (2)	9
10. <i>CRIMINAL</i> , Stephen King (2)	10
11. <i>PERFECT ANSWER</i> , Barbara Pym (2)	11
12. <i>WOMEN IN THE COMEDY</i> , Diana Miller (2)	12

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Rock, the Canadian way

In June week again. And once more, those vying for awards in Canada's music biggest festival run the gauntlet from artie to plonk—from the always compelling Leonard Cohen to the pretentious pop queen Shania Twain.

The Junos, Canada's answer to the Grammys, have always been full of controversies, as Cohen noted in 1993 while accepting an award. "It's only in a country like this," mused the man with the infamous maneater, "that I could get Male Vocalist of the Year."

Cohen's contention that year included Neil Young, who is also not known for his dolen' ways. Young won the award two years later. After that, the category name was changed to Best Male Artist to prevent more bad jokes. Now, because "Junos" is a rough tel-south of the border, organizers went to change the show's name to the Canadian Music Awards and see if it became an annual event on MTV. Are they thinking that Americans don't know what Juno means? Big deal; neither do most Canadians. They're still after Peter Jones, the one-time CRFC head who oversee implementation of Canadian content regulations and rules. But the spelling was changed to Juno, after the *Clint* Goddess of the Roman pantheon. Go figure.)

Canadian music is cool precisely because it doesn't fit the traditional pop mould. Who would've thought Barenaked Ladies, home at the year's Junos in St. John's, Nfld., would become huge stars in the States for being their almost defiantly geeky Canadian selves? Nickelback, rewarded for their Junos, were biggest band out of Canada since the Guess Who—and it tapped the U.S. shores despite a lead singer who looks like he has Molson casss off a beer mat.

Not our culture be easily pegged. Only Canada could produce a pop star like Nelly Furtado, who plays cultural hopscotch by singing Portuguese folk songs on a big urban album. Hayley Williams' Paramore can play Mexican folk music, then morph into a Double-News-Girl problem.

The Junos have always showcased Canadian exception. The first ever honouree: fresh-faced Alanis Morissette and gruffly-voiced Gordon Lightfoot, who are sandwiches made by the names of an organizer. Since then, we've had 30 years of unexpected highlights, such as when a chauvinist-driven Bob Dylan carried R.E.M.'s Reindeer Howlin' right onto the stage for his big entrance—only to have Howlin rip his suit pants down the back as he stepped out. And k.d. lang accepted her award for Most Promising Female Vocalist



FURTADO PLAYS CULTURAL HOPSCOTCH

wearing a wedding dress and array blouse.

Then there was the time folo-singer Ian & Sylvia were inducted into the Hall of Fame, with the Stevens-worshiping Ian having wrangled off his Alberta ranch for the occasion. That night, Tori Coombs swept the awards for her *Mad Mad World* album and her single *Life is a Highway*, prompting host Rick Moranis to ask the end of the show to sit, "Tina Turner, would you please move your hair so that Tori Coombs can get her U-Haul out of here?"

The Junos aren't always fun. One year, I interviewed Art Bergmann, Vancouver's perennial punk rocker who normally is good for guff, if sometimes earthy, quips about the vagueness of the music biz. But Bergmann, who had just lost his fellow Vancouverite Colin James in the Most Promising Male Vocalist category, was practically spitting rancid blades. Moral: never interview a loser.

My favorite Juno memories include an acrobating duet by Celtic fiddler Natalie MacMaster and banjo-guitarist Jason Cook, a stage full of pow-wow drummers and dancers that seemed Buffy Sainte-Marie and The Band, backed by batches of Blue Rodeo, singing *The Wriggle*. But there was no fairer Juno moment than Rata MacNeil singing *Working Man* with a choir of miners, 50 strong, in overalls and hard hats, with their headbands beaming out onto the audience. *Cooley, yes, and there wasn't a dry eye among the otherwise jaded thing.*

This year's much show April 16 will be, at worst, quintessentially Canadian. With the genuinely funny Labeks at the helm (their goofy duet with a bunch of Moratans two years ago was another Juno highlight), the show will reclude Alanis Morissette, Danes Keill and Newfoundland's Great Big Sea, who will dubiously project the sort of scratch-fueled spontaneity for which they're famous, on and off the Rock.

The best Canadian musicians narrow—and thrive—by being their odd selves. Forget changing the name that won't guarantee Juno success south of the border. Americans already know that some of the most memorable music comes from the Great White North. So what if they still don't get the Tragically Hip? Perhaps it's not well worth Garth Brook-like *Adios* or *Fly* Mania Cap-oven east if the Hip were huge down south? We need at least one truly great rock band to call entirely our own.

10

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Madeleine Contributing Editor Nicholas Jennings helps the Junos dominate the Grammys every time.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE

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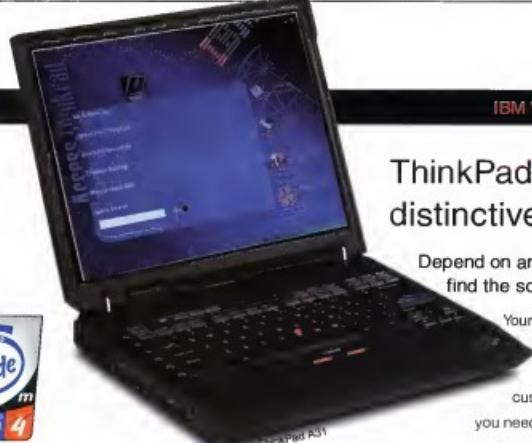
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